

T H E
POETICAL CALENDAR.

V O L . III.

F O R M A R C H.



POETICAL CALENDAR

OF L.

FOR M. A. R. O. H.

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THE
POETICAL CALENDAR.

CONTAINING
A COLLECTION

Of scarce and valuable
PIECES OF POETRY:

With Variety of
ORIGINALS AND TRANSLATIONS,
BY THE MOST EMINENT HANDS.

Written and Selected
By FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.
And WILLIAM WOTY.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:
Printed by DRYDEN LEACH;
For J. COOTE, at the King's Arms, in Pater-noster-Row.
MDCCLXIV.

THE
BOTANICAL CALENDAR

A COLLECTION

PICTURES OF FLOWERS



ORIGINAL AND

THE MOST IMPORTANT

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THE

POETICAL CALENDAR.

MARCH. AN ODE.

Like Jason, arm'd in coat of mail,
Who nobly won the golden fleece,
Thro' heavy storms of wind and hail,

March on a Ram triumphant rides,
A warlike month! averse to peace:—
No longer now the soldier bides
In huts hybernal—o'er the plain,
Embattled see the dread campaign!

Or on the flood, if war preside,
See Britain's bloody pennant fly!
Her's is the ocean, free, as wide,

Where-e'er the sons of commerce fail,
Where-e'er her canvas pinions ply,
Her floating citadels prevail
O'er all the force of Gaul and Spain,
Whose fleets no more usurp the main.

Spring bids the frozen rivers flow,
 Knocks off their rigid bolts of ice,
 And melts huge Appenines of snow;
 By starts the flattering beams of noon
 The linnet, or the lark entice
 To sing a momentary tune;
 But quick and sudden shifts the scene,
 And gales tempestuous intervene.

Scarce does the primrose show her head,
 Tho' eldest daughter of the spring,
 Nor dares the cowslip leave her bed,
 Affrighted at the northern blast,
 Who blights each blossom with his wing,
 While the dun ether's overcast:
 Of violence how short the sway!
 'Tis but the pageant of a day.—

The gods take care of us below,
 Indulgent are their gifts to all,
 With hands unsparing, they bestow,
 Impartial, air and sun and rain,
 To bless this sublunary ball,
 And mingle pleasure with our pain;
 Content is ever in our power,
 And passes by us every hour.

W.

A

A V E R N A L O D E,

SENT TO DR. HERRING, LATE ARCHBISHOP OF
CANTERBURY, MARCH XII, MDCCLIV.

BRight God of day, whose genial power
Revives the buried seed;
That spreads with foliage every bower,
With verdure every mead;
Bid all thy vernal breezes fly,
Diffusing mildness thro' the sky;
Give the soft season to our drooping plains,
Sprinkled with rosy dews, and salutary rains.

Enough has winter's hand severe
Chastis'd this dreary coast,
And chill'd the tender dawning year
With desolating frost:
Give but thy vital beams to play,
These ice-wrought scenes will melt away;
And, mix'd in sprightly dance, the blooming Hours
Will wake the drowsy Spring, the Spring awake the
flowers.

Let Health, gay daughter of the skies,
On Zephyr's wings descend,
And scatter pleasures, as she flies,
Where Surry's downs extend:

There Herring wooes her friendly power;
 There may she all her roses shower;
 To heal that shepherd all her balms employ,
 So will she sooth our fears, and give a nation joy.

The grateful seasons, circling fast,
 Reviving suns restore,
 But life's short spring is quickly past,
 And blooms, alas! no more;
 Then let us, ere by sure decays
 We reach the winter of our days,
 In virtue emulate the blest above,
 And, like the spring, display benevolence and love.

F. F.

AN

A N E L E G Y.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

BY J. S.

Stern Winter hence with all his train removes,
 And cheerful skies, and limpid streams are seen;
 Thick-sprouting foliage decorates the groves;
 Reviving herbage robes the fields in green.

Yet lovelier scenes shall crown th' advancing year,
 When blooming Spring's full bounty is display'd;
 The smile of beauty every vale shall wear;
 The voice of song enliven every shade.

O fancy, paint not coming days too fair!
 Oft, for the prospects sprightly May should yield,
 Rain-pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,
 Or snows untimely whiten'd o'er the field:

But should kind Spring her wonted bounty shower,
 The smile of beauty, and the voice of song;
 If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpower,
 Even vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along.

I shun the scenes where maddening passion raves,
Where pride and folly high dominion hold,
And unrelenting avarice drives her slaves
O'er prostrate virtue in pursuit of gold :

The grassy lane, the wood-surrounded field,
The rude stone fence with fragrant wall-flowers
The clay-built cot, to me more pleasure yield [gay,
Than all the pomp imperial domes display :

And yet even here, amid these secret shades,
These simple scenes of unprov'd delight,
Affliction's iron hand my breast invades,
And death's dread dart is ever in my sight.

While genial suns to genial showers succeed;
(The air all mildness, and the earth all bloom;)
While herds and flocks range sportive o'er the mead,
Crop the sweet herb, and snuff the rich perfume ;

O why alone to hapless man denied
To taste the bliss inferior beings boast ?
O why this fate that fear and pain divide
His few short hours on earth's delightful coast ?

Ah cease—no more of Providence complain !
'Tis sense of guilt that wakes the mind to woe,
Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,
And palls each joy by heaven indulg'd below :

Why else the smiling infant-train so blest,
 Ere dear-bought knowledge ends the peace within,
 Or wild desire inflames the youthful breast,
 Or ill propension ripens into sin?

As to the bleating tenants of the field,
 As to the sportive warblers on the trees,
 To them their joys sincere the seasons yield,
 And all their days, and all their prospects please;

Such joys were mine when from the peopled streets,
 Where on Thamesis' banks I liv'd immur'd,
 The new-blown fields that breath'd a thousand sweets,
 To Surry's wood-crown'd hills my steps allur'd:

O happy hours, beyond recovery fled!
 What share I now that can your loss repay,
 While o'er my mind these glooms of thought are
 And veil the light of life's meridian ray? [spread,

Is there no power this darkness to remove?
 The long-lost joys of Eden to restore?
 Or raise our views to happier seats above,
 Where fear and pain and death shall be no more?

Yes those there are who know a Saviour's love
 The long-lost joys of Eden can restore,
 And raise their views to happier seats above,
 Where fear and pain and death shall be no more:

These grateful share the gift of nature's hand;
 And in the varied scenes that round them shine,
 (The fair, the rich, the awful, and the grand)
 Admire th' amazing workmanship divine.

Blows not a floweret in th' enamell'd vale,
 Shines not a pebble where the rivulet strays,
 Sports not an insect on the spicy gale,
 But claims their wonder, and excites their praise.

For them even vernal nature looks more gay,
 For them more lively hues the fields adorn;
 To them more fair the fairest smile of day,
 To them more sweet the sweetest breath of morn.

They feel the bliss that hope and faith supply;
 They pass serene th' appointed hours that bring
 The day that wafts them to the realms on high,
 The day that centres in eternal spring.

SPRING.

SPRING. A RURAL SONG.

BY MR. THO. BREREWOOD.

When approach'd by the fair dewy fingers of
spring,

Swelling buds open first, and look gay;
When the birds on the boughs by their mates sit and
And are danc'd by the breeze on each spray: [sing,

When gently descending, the rain in soft showers,
With its moisture refreshes the ground,
And the drops, as they hang on the plants and the
Like rich gems beam a lustre around: [flowers,

When the wood-pigeons sit on the branches and cooe,
And the cuckow proclaims with his voice,
That nature marks this for the season to wooe,
And for all that can love to rejoice :

In a cottage at night may I spend all my time,
In the fields and the meadows all day,
With a maiden whose charms are as yet in their prime,
Young as April, and blooming as May.

When

When the lark with shrill notes sings aloft in the
 May my fairest and I sweetly wake, [morn,
 View the far distant hills which the sun-beams adorn,
 Then arise, and our cottage forsake.

When the sun shines so warm, that my charmer and I
 May recline on the turf without fear,
 Let us there all vain thoughts and ambition defy,
 While we breathe the first sweets of the year.

Be this spot on a hill, and a spring from its side
 Bubble out, and transparently flow,
 Creep gently along in meanders, and glide
 Thro' the vale strow'd with daisies below.

While the bee flies from blossom to blossom and sips,
 And the violets their sweetness impart,
 Let me hang on her neck, and so taste from her lips
 The rich cordial that thrills to the heart.

While the dove sits lamenting the loss of its mate,
 Which the fowler has caught in his snares,
 May we think ourselves blest, that it is not our fate,
 To endure such an absence as theirs.

May I listen to all her soft, tender, sweet notes
 When she sings, and no sounds interfere,
 But the warbling of birds, which in stretching their
 Are at strife to be louder than her. [throats

When the daisies, and cowslips, and primroses blow,
 And checquer the meads, and the lawns,
 May we see bounding there the swift light-footed doe,
 And pursue with our eyes the young fawns.

When the lapwings just fledg'd o'er the turf take their
 And the firstlings are all at their play, [run,
 And the harmless young lambs skip about in the sun,
 Let us then be as frolic as they.

When I talk of my love, should I chance to espy,
 That she seems to mistrust what I say,
 By a tear that is ready to fall from her eye,
 With my lips let me wipe it away.

If we sit, or we walk, may I cast round my eyes,
 And let no single beauty escape,
 But see none to create so much love, and surprize,
 As her eyes, and her face, and her shape.

Thus each day let us pass, till the buds turn to leaves,
 And the meadows around us are mown,
 When the lass on the sweet-smelling haycock receives,
 What she afterwards blushes to own.

When evenings grow cool, and the flowers hang their
 With the dew, then no longer we'll roam, [heads
 With my arm round her waist, in a path thro' the
 Let us hasten to find our way home. [meads

When the birds are at roost, with their heads in their
 Each one by the side of its mate ; [wings,
 When a mist that arises a drowziness brings
 Upon all but the owl and the bat :

When soft rest is requir'd, and the stars lend their
 And all nature lies quiet and still ; [light,
 When no sound breaks the sacred repose of the night,
 But, at distance, the clack of a mill.

With peace for our pillow, and free from all noise,
 So that voices in whispers are known,
 Let us give and receive all the nameless soft joys,
 That are mus'd on by lovers alone.

THE

THE VIOLET.

HAil, blooming daughter of the youthful year!
 Sweet to the smell, and pleasing to the sight,
 How does thy presence gloomy nature cheer,
 And fill the bosom with a soft delight!

At thy approach stern rugged winter flies,
 To pour his anger on the frozen north,
 While balmy zephyrs fill our peaceful skies,
 And call the buds and genial blossoms forth.

The lark, high-mounting at the rise of day,
 Salutes the blushing morn with gladsome notes,
 The little warblers hop from spray to spray,
 And trill wild music thro' their tuneful throats.

The shepherd counts his flock, the rustic ploughs,
 The farmer views with joy his springing corn,
 The milk-maid drains the sweetly-smelling cows,
 And sings the pleasures of the April morn.

Now lovers, now, the golden minute seize,
 In every word express a generous care;
 In every act be studious how to please,
 And weave the flowery chaplet for the fair.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with the beauties of the rifled mead,
 Their smell her sense, their colours strike her eye;
 Snow-drops, like innocence, in white array'd,
 And violets glowing with a purple die.

Should ye, ambitious, strive to gain her ear,
 In softest words the moving tale convey;
 The moving tale shall gain a pitying tear,
 If it be true what antient poets say.

Nature assum'd her loveliest, fairest look,
 Cold chilling frosts and noxious damps were fled;
 When jolly Spring his native skies forsook,
 To wooe fair Flora to his fertile bed.

Gay dress'd in all the colours of the bow,
 He sought the goddess in her fair abode;
 Quick winds and hasty showers his coming show,
 But his bright beams proclaim the present god.

The fanning gales convey a grateful smell,
 From where the hyacinth and crocus blow;
 With sudden life the buds around him swell,
 And where he treads, all flowers promiscuous grow.

The feather'd songsters full of joy appear,
 And chant his nuptial bliss thro' every grove;
 Spring, the gay god, that leads the smiling year,
 And Flora, queen of beauty, and of love.

From this unblam'd, this chaste delight arose
 An offspring worthy of their mutual flame,
 Invok'd Lucina eas'd the mother's throes,
 And Violetta was the daughter's name.

Whate'er enraptur'd poets have design'd
 Of wit, youth, beauty, or excelling grace,
 The nymph enjoy'd in person and in mind,
 So bright her wit, so beauteous was her face.

Alas! what ills must careless nymphs betide,
 Since prudence nought avails to guard the dame!
 Lascivious Pan the blooming virgin eyed,
 And vow'd by force to gratify his flame.

The virtuous fair his loath'd embraces flies,
 The amorous god pursues with equal speed,
 The plains around re-echo to her cries,
 While every power is absent from her aid.

Fatigued, her panting bosom heaves for breath,
 Her trembling legs refuse the tedious race;
 She faints, she sinks into the arms of death,
 And a cold paleness overspreads her face.

Her melancholy fate the mother mourns,
 With tears fast-flowing in a gentle shower;
 The much-lamented child to life returns,
 No more a virgin, but a purple flower.

As long as grief for innocence distress,
 As long as tears from gentle hearts shall flow;
 So long her fate shall melt the feeling breast,
 With generous pity, and with virtuous woe.

The gentle nymph the mournful story hears,
 Within her bosom various passions move,
 Soft pity melts her tender soul to tears,
 And virtuous pity is a friend to love.

THE

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

BY MRS. MADAN.

Vitis ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uvæ;
 Ut gregibus tauri, segetes ut pinguibus arvis;
 Tu decus omne tuis. Verg.

U Nequal, how shall I the search begin,
 Or paint with artless hand the awful scene?
 Thro' paths divine with steps adventurous tread,
 And trace the muses to their fountain head?

Ye sacred nine, your mighty aid impart,
 Assist my numbers, and enlarge my heart!
 Direct my lyre, and tune each trembling string,
 While Poetry's exalted charms I sing;
 How, free as air, her strains spontaneous move,
 Kindle to rage, or melt the soul to love:
 How her first emanations dawn'd, disclose;
 And where, great source of verse! bright Phœbus
 first arose.

Where nature warmth and genius has denied,
 In vain are art's stiff languid powers applied.
 Unforc'd the muses smile, above controul:
 No art can tune the inharmonious soul.

Some rules, 'tis true, unerring, you may cull,
 And void of life, be regularly dull :
 Correctly flat may flow each studied rhyme,
 And each low period indolently shime.
 A common ear perhaps, or vulgar heart,
 Such lays may please, the labour'd work of art !
 Far other strains delight the polish'd mind,
 The ear well judging, and the taste refin'd.
 To blend in heavenly numbers ease and fire,
 An Addison will ask, a Pope require :
 Genius alone can force, like theirs, bestow,
 As stars, unconscious of their brightness, glow.

Hail Greece! from whence the spark ethereal came,
 That wide o'er earth diffus'd its sacred flame,
 There the first laurel form'd a deathless shade,
 And sprung immortal for thy Homer's head.
 There the great bard the rising wonder wrought,
 And plan'd the Iliad in his boundless thought;
 By no mean steps to full perfection grew,
 But burst at once refulgent to the view.
 Who can unmov'd the warm description read,
 Where the wing'd shaft repels the bounding steed?
 Where the torn spoils of the rapacious war,
 With shocking pomp adorn the victor's car!
 When, from some hostile arm dismiss'd, the reed
 On the mark'd foe directs its thirsty speed,

Such

Such strength, such action, strikes our eager sight,
 We view and shudder at its fatal flight;
 We hear the straighten'd yew recoiling start,
 And see thro' air glide swift the whizzing dart.
 When higher themes a bolder strain demand,
 Life waits the poet's animating hand:
 There, where majestic to the sanguin'd field
 Stern Ajax stalks behind his sevenfold shield;
 Or where, in polish'd arms severely bright,
 Pelides dreadful rushes to the fight;
 With martial ardor breathes each kindling page
 The direful havock and unbounded rage,
 The clash of arms tumultuous from afar,
 And all that fires the hero's soul to war!

Bold Pindar next, with matchless force and fire,
 Divinely careless, wak'd the sounding lyre,
 Unbound by rule, he urg'd each vigorous lay,
 And gave his mighty genius room to play:
 The Grecian games employ his daring strings,
 In numbers rapid as the race he sings.

Mark, muse, the conscious shade and vocal grove,
 Where Sappho tun'd her melting voice to love,
 While Echo each harmonious strain return'd,
 And with the soft complaining Lesbian mourn'd.

With roses crown'd, on flowers supinely laid,
 Anacreon next the sprightly lyre essay'd,

In light fantastic measures beat the ground,
 Or dealt the mirth-inspiring juice around.
 No care, no thought, the tuneful Teian knew,
 But mark'd with bliss each moment as it flew.

Behold the soil, where smooth Clitumnus glides,
 And rolls thro' smiling fields his ductile tides;
 Where swoln Eridanus in state proceeds,
 And tardy Mincio wanders thro' the meads;
 Where breathing flowers ambrosial sweets distil,
 And the soft air with balmy fragrance fill.
 O Italy! tho' joyful plenty reigns,
 And nature laughs amid thy bloomy plains;
 Tho' all thy shades poetic warmth inspire,
 Tune the rapt soul, and fan the sacred fire;
 Those plains and shades shall reach th'appointed date,
 And all their fading honours yield to fate:
 Thy wide renown and ever-blooming fame
 Stand on the basis of a nobler claim;
 In thee his harp immortal Virgil strung,
 Of shepherds, flocks, and mighty heroes sung.

See Horace shaded by the lyric wreath,
 Where every grace and all the muses breathe;
 Where courtly ease adorns each happy line,
 And Pindar's fire, and Sappho's softness join.
 Politely wise, with calm well-govern'd rage,
 He lash'd the reigning follies of the age;

With

With wit, not spleen, indulgently severe,
 To reach the heart he charm'd the listening ear.
 When soothing themes each milder note employ,
 Each milder note swells soft to love and joy ;
 Smooth as the fame-presaging * doves that spread
 Prophetic wreaths around his infant head.

Ye numerous bards unsung (whose various lays
 A genius equal to your own should praise)
 Forgive the muse, who feels an inbred flame
 Resistless, to exalt her country's fame ;
 A foreign clime she leaves — and turns her eyes
 Where her own Britain's favourite towers arise ;
 Where Thames rolls deep his plenteous tides around,
 His banks with thick ascending turrets crown'd,
 Yet not these scenes th' impartial muse could boast,
 Were liberty, thy great distinction, lost.
 Britannia, hail ! o'er whose luxuriant plain,
 For the free natives waves the ripening grain :
 'Twas sacred liberty's celestial smile
 First lur'd the muses to thy generous isle ;
 'Twas liberty bestow'd the power to sing,
 And bid the verse-rewarding laurel spring.

Here Chaucer first his comic vein display'd,
 And merry tales in homely guise convey'd ;

* Vide Her. lib. iii. ode iv.

Unpolish'd beauties grac'd the artless song,
Tho' rude the diction, yet the sense was strong.

To smother strains chastising tuneless prose,
In plain magnificence great Spencer rose :
In forms distinct, in each creating line,
The virtues, vices, and the passions shine :
Subservient nature aids the poet's rage,
And with herself inspires each nervous page.

Exalted Shakespear, with a boundless mind,
Rang'd far and wide ; a genius unconfin'd !
The passions sway'd, and captive led the heart,
Without the critic's rules, and void of art :
So some fair clime, by smiling Phœbus blest,
And in a thousand charms by nature drest,
Where limpid streams in wild meanders flow,
And on the mountains towering forests grow,
With lovely landscapes lures the ravish'd sight,
While each new scene supplies a new delight :
No industry of man, no needless toil,
Can mend the rich uncultivated soil.

While Cowley's lays with sprightly vigour move,
Around him wait the gods of verse and love ;
So quick the crouding images arise,
The bright variety distracts our eyes ;

Each

Each sparkling line, where fire with fancy flows,
The rich profusion of his genius shows.

To Waller next, my wondering view I bend,
Gentle, as flakes of feather'd snow descend :
Not the same snow, its silent journey done,
More radiant glitters in the rising sun.
O happy nymph ! who could those lays demand,
And claim the care of this immortal hand :
In vain might age thy heavenly form invade,
And o'er thy beauties cast an envious shade ;
Waller the place of youth and bloom supplies,
And gives exhaustless lustre to thy eyes ;
Each muse assisting rises every grace,
To paint the wonders of thy matchless face.
Thus when at Greece, divine Apelles strove
To give to earth the radiant queen of love,
From each bright nymph some dazzling charm he took,
This fair one's lips, another's lovely look ;
Each beauty pleas'd, a smile, or air bestows,
Till all the goddesses from the canvas rose.

Immortal Milton, hail ! whose lofty strain
With conscious strength does vulgar themes disdain ;
Sublime ascended thy superior soul,
Where neither lightnings flash, nor thunders roll ;
Where other suns drink deep th' eternal ray,
And thence to other worlds transmit the day ;

Where high in ether countless planets move,
 And various moons, attendant, round them rove.
 O bear me to those soft delightful scenes,
 Where shades far-spreading boast immortal greens,
 Where paradise unfolds her fragrant flowers,
 Her sweets unfading, and celestial bowers ;
 Where Zephyr breathes amid the blooming wild,
 Gentle as nature's infant beauty smil'd ;
 Where gaily reigns one ever-laughing spring ;
 Eden's delights ! which thou alone couldst sing.
 Yet not these scenes could bound his daring flight,
 Born to the task, he rose a nobler height.
 While o'er the lyre his hallow'd fingers fly,
 Each wonderous touch awakens raptures high.
 Those glorious seats he boldly durst explore,
 Where faith alone, till then, had power to soar.

Smooth glide thy waves, O Thames, while I re-
 hearse

* The name that taught thee first to flow in verse ;
 Let sacred silence hush thy grateful tides,
 The oar cease to tremble on thy sides ;
 Let thy calm waters gently steal along,
 Denham this homage claims, while he inspires my
 Far as thy billows roll, dispers'd away [song.
 To distant climes, the honour'd name convey :

* Sir John Denham's Cooper's-Hill.

Not

Not Xanthus can a nobler glory boast;
In whose rich stream a thousand floods are lost.

The strong, the soft, the moving, and the sweet;
In artful Dryden's various numbers meet;
Aw'd by his lays, each rival bard retir'd:
So fades the moon, pale, lifeless, unadmir'd,
When the bright sun bursts glorious on the sight,
With radiant lustre, and a flood of light.

The comic muse, with lively humour gay,
In Congreve's strains does all her charms display.
She rallies each absurd impertinence,
And without labour laughs us into sense.
The follies of mankind she sets to view
In scenes still pleasing, and for ever new.

Sure heaven, that destin'd William to be great,
The mighty bulwark of the British state,
The scourge of tyrants, guardian of the law,
Bestow'd a Garth, designing a Nassau.

Wit, ease, and life, in Prior blended, flow,
Polite as Granville, soft as moving Rowe;
Granville, whose lays unnumber'd charms adorn,
Serene and sprightly as the opening morn:
Rowe, who the spring of every passion knew,
And from our eyes call'd forth the opening dew:

Still

Still shall his gentle muse our souls command,
 And our warm'd hearts confess his skilful hand.
 Be this the least of his superior fame,
 Whose happy genius caught great Lucan's flame,
 Where noble Pompey dauntless meets his doom,
 And each free strain breathes Liberty and Rome.

O Addison, lamented, wonderous bard!
 The god-like hero's great, his best reward:
 Not all the laurels reap'd on Blenheim's plains
 A fame can give like thy immortal * strains.
 While Cato dictates in thy awful lines,
 Cæsar himself with second lustre shines:
 As our rais'd souls the great distress pursue,
 Triumphs and crowns still lessen in our view:
 We trace the victor with disdainful eyes,
 And all, that made a Cato bleed, despise.

The bold pindaric, and soft lyric muse,
 Breath'd all her energy in tuneful Hughes!
 Music herself did on his lines bestow
 The polish'd lustre, and enchanting flow!
 His sweet cantatas, and melodious song,
 Shall ever warble on the skilful tongue!
 When nobler themes a loftier strain require,
 His bosom glow'd with more than mortal fire!

* The Campaign.

Not * Orpheus' self could in sublimer lays
 Have sung th' omnipotent Creator's praise,
 Damascus' moving fate, display'd to view,
 From every eye the ready tribute drew :
 Th' attentive ear the bright † Eudocia charms,
 And with the generous love of virtue warms ;
 She seems above the ills she greatly bears,
 While † Phocyas' woes command our gushing tears.
 † Abudah shines a pattern to mankind ;
 In him the hero and the man are join'd !

High on the radiant list, see ! Pope appears,
 With all the fire of youth, and strength of years :
 Where-e'er supreme he points the nervous line,
 Nature and art in bright conjunction shine.
 How just the turns ! how regular the draught !
 How smooth the language ! how refin'd the thought !
 Secure beneath the shade of early bays,
 He dar'd the thunder of great Homer's lays ;
 A sacred heat inform'd his heaving breast,
 And Homer in his genius stands confest :
 To heights sublime he rais'd the ponderous lyre,
 And our cold isle grew warm with Grecian fire !

* See mr. Hughes's ode entitled, an ode to the Creator
 of the world, occasioned by the fragments of Orpheus.

† † † Characters in his tragedy entitled, the Siege of
 Damascus,

Fain

Fain would I now th' excelling bard reveal,
 And point the seat where all the muses dwell;
 Where Phœbus has his warmest smiles bestow'd,
 And who most labours with th' inspiring god:
 But while I strive to fix the ray divine,
 And round that head the laurel'd triumph twine,
 Unnumber'd bards distract my dazzled sight,
 And my first choice grows faint with rival light.
 So the white road that streaks the cloudless skies,
 When silver Cynthia's temperate beams arise,
 Thick set with stars o'er our admiring heads
 One undistinguish'd streamy twilight spreads;
 Pleas'd we behold, from heaven's unbounded height,
 A thousand orbs pour forth promiscuous light:
 While all around, the spangled lustre flows,
 In vain we strive to mark which brightest glows;
 From each the same enlivening splendors fly,
 And the diffusive glory charms the eye.

TO

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

BY THE SAME.

Round Hughes's humble, tho' distinguish'd urn,
 The Muses, wreath'd with baleful cypress,
 In every face a deep distress appears, [mourn;
 Each eye o'erflows with tributary tears.
 Such was the scene, when, by the gods requir'd,
 Majestic Homer from the world retir'd:
 Such grief the Nine on Maro's tomb bestow'd;
 For Addison such sorrow lately flow'd.

Snatch'd from the earth, above its trifling praise,
 Thee, Hughes, to happier climes thy fate conveys:
 Eas'd of its load thy active spirit flies
 From orb to orb, and glides along the skies.
 The toils of life, the pangs of death are o'er,
 And care, and pain, and sickness are no more!
 O! may that spot, which holds thy dear remains,
 (The noblest spoil earth's spacious breast contains)
 Its tribute pay: may richest flowers around
 Spring lightly forth, and mark the sacred ground:
 There may the bay her shady honours spread,
 And o'er thy urn delightful odours shed:
 Immortal, as thy fame and writings, grow,
 Till these shall cease to live, or Thames to flow.

Nature

Nature subdued foretold the great decline,
 And every heart was plung'd in grief, but thine;
 Thy soul serene the conflict did maintain,
 And trac'd the phantom death thro' years of pain;
 Not years of pain thy steady mind alarm'd,
 By judgment strengthen'd, and by virtue arm'd.
 Still like yourself, when sinking life ebb'd low,
 You neither dar'd, nor meanly fear'd the blow:
 Loose to the world, by every grace possess'd,
 Greatly resign'd, you sought the stranger rest.
 Fearless of fate, thus thy own Phocyas died,
 When from his wound gush'd forth the purple tide.
 Drawn by thy pen, the theory we see,
 The practic part too soon we learn from thee.
 Who now shall touch the lyre with skill divine?
 Or who to tuneful airs shall tuneful numbers join?
 Who shall the rapid tide of vice controul,
 At once enchant the sense, and mend the soul?
 In whom shall the fair sister-arts unite
 With virtue, solid sense, and boundless wit?
 Such was the turn of thy exalted mind,
 Sparkling as polish'd gems, as purest gold refin'd.
 Great ruler of our passions! who with art
 Subdued the fierce, and warm'd the frozen heart;
 Bid glory in our breasts with temper beat,
 And genuine valour, free from feverish heat;
 Bid love in all its native lustre rise,
 And in Eudocia's form delight our eyes.

Virtue

Virtue distress'd thy happy lines disclose,
 With more of triumph, than a conqueror knows.
 Touch'd by thy hand, our stubborn tempers bend,
 And flowing tears the well-wrought scene attend:
 That silent eloquence thy power approv'd;
 The cause so great, 'twas generous to be mov'd.

What pleasure can the bursting heart possess
 In the last parting, and severe distress?
 Can fame, wealth, honour, titles, joy bestow,
 And make the labouring breast with transport glow?
 These gaudy trifles gild our dawning light,
 But, oh! how weak their influence on our night;
 Then fame, wealth, honour, titles, vainly bloom,
 Nor dart one gleam of comfort on the tomb.
 The only joy the struggling soul receives,
 Is in th' applause that conscious virtue gives:
 This cordial joy retiring Hughes possess'd,
 This cheer'd his dying hours, compos'd his breast,
 And sooth'd his pure and peaceful soul to rest!
 Free from the bigot's fear, or stoic's pride,
 Serene he liv'd, and as serenely died.
 When, on life's utmost verge, he dauntless stood,
 Ready to plunge, and seize th' immortal good,
 Collecting all his scatter'd rays in one,
 His last * exalted work intensely shone:

* The Siege of Damascus.

His living sentiments, there sketch'd, we view'd;
 But while our eyes the shining path pursued,
 And wondrous heights, his towering muse had
 Alas! the shining path alone remain'd! [gain'd,

So when the sun to worlds unknown retires,
 How strong, how boldly shoot his parting fires!
 Larger his setting orb our eyes confess;
 Eager we gaze, and the full glory bless:
 As o'er the heaven sublime his course extends,
 With equal pomp the radiant power descends,
 Sinks to the seas, with golden lustre bright,
 And paints the clouds with beauteous tracts of light.

THE DEATH OF ARACHNE:

AN HEROI-COMI-TRAGIC-POEM.

THE shrinking brooks and russet meads complain'd,

That summer's tyrant, fervid Sirius, reign'd ;
Full west the sun from heaven descending rode,
And fix the shadow on the dial show'd.

Philo, tho' young, to musing much inclin'd,
A shameless sloven, in his gown had din'd,
From table sneaking with a sheepish face,
Before the circle was dismiss'd with grace,
And smooching now, his desk with books o'erspread,
Thick clouds of incense roll around his head ;
His head, which save a quarter's growth of hair,
His woollen cap long since scratch'd off, was bare ;
His beard three days had grown, of golden hue,
Black was his shirt, uncomely to the view ;
Cross-legg'd he sat, and his ungarter'd hose
Of each lean limb half hide, and half expose ;
His cheek he lean'd upon his hand ; below
His nut-brown slipper hung upon his toe.

Now with abstracted flight he climbs apace,
High and more high, thro' pure unbounded space ;
Now mere privation fails the wings of thought,
He drops down headlong thro' the vast of nought ;

A friendly vapour Matheſis ſupplies,
 Born on the ſurgin' ſmoke he joys to riſe;
 Matter thro' modes and qualities purſues,
 Now caught, entranc'd its naked eſſence views:
 Now wakes; the viſion fading from his ſight
 Leaves doubts behind, the miſts of mental night:
 Exiſting not, but poſſible alone,
 He deems all ſubſtance, and ſuſpects his own;
 Like wave by wave impell'd, now queſtions roll —
 Does ſoul in ought ſubſiſt, or all in ſoul?
 Is ſpace, extension, nothing but a name,
 And mere idea nature's mighty frame?
 All power, all forms, to intellect confin'd;
 Place, agent, ſubject, inſtrument combin'd?
 Is ſpirit diſverſe, yet from number free,
 Conjoin'd by harmony in unity? —
 Truth's ſpotleſs white what piercing eye deſcries,
 When the ray broken takes opinion's dyes! —
 In vain now Philo ſeeks the ſacred light,
 In chaos plung'd, where embryo ſystems fight.

In this dark hour, unnotic'd, Cloe came,
 His ſtudy-door admits the ſhining dame,
 With nature's charms ſhe join'd the charms of art,
 Wiſe of his choice, and miſtreſs of his heart;
 What on her head ſhe wore, erect and high,
 Unnam'd above, is call'd on earth a fly;
 In wanton ringlets her fair treſſes fell,
 Her breſts beneath transparent muſlin ſwell;

Studded

Studded with flaming gems a buckle bound
 Th' embroider'd zone her slender waist around ;
 Thence to her feet a vast rotund display'd
 The mingling colours of the rich brocade ;
 This aiding fancy, blending shame and pride,
 Inflames with beauties it was meant to hide :
 With careless ease the nymph first snapp'd her fan,
 Roll'd round her radiant eyes, and thus began :
 " How canst thou, Philo, here delight to sit,
 " Immers'd in learning, nastiness, and wit ?
 " Clean from the chest, where various odours breathe,
 " And dying roses their last sweets bequeath,
 " A shirt for thee, by my command, the maid
 " Three hours ago before the fire display'd ;
 " The barber, waiting to renew thy face,
 " Holds thy wig powder'd in the past-board case ;
 " Thy filken breeches, and thy hose of thread,
 " Coat, waistcoat, all, lie ready on the bed.
 " Renounce that odious pipe, this filthy cell,
 " Where silence, dust, and pagan authors dwell :
 " Come ! shall the ladies wait in vain for thee ?
 " Come ! taste with us the charms of mirth and tea."

As Philo heard confus'd the silver sound,
 His soul emerges from the dark profound,
 On the bright vision full he turn'd his eyes :
 Touch'd, as he gaz'd, with pleasure and surprize,
 The first faint dawnings of a smile appear'd,
 And now in act to speak, he strok'd his beard,

When from a shelf just o'er the fair one's head,
 Down dropp'd Arachne by the viscous thread.
 Back starts the nymph, with terror and dismay,
 "The spider! oh!" — was all that she could say.

At this the sage resum'd the look severe,
 'Renounce, with woman's folly, woman's fear!' —
 He said, and careful to the shelf convey'd
 The hapless rival of the blue-eyed maid.

Th' enormous deed astonish'd Cloe view'd,
 And rage the crimson on her cheek renew'd.
 "Must then, said she, such hideous vermin crawl
 "Indulg'd, protected, o'er the cobwebb'd wall?
 "Destroy her quickly — here her life I claim,
 "If not for love or decency, for shame."

'Shame be to guilt, replies the man of thought,
 'To slaves of custom, ne'er by reason taught,
 'Who spare no life that touches not their own,
 'By fear their cruelty restrain'd alone.
 'No blameless insect lives its destin'd hour,
 'Caught in the murdering vortex of their power.
 'For me, the virtues of the mind I learn
 'From sage Arachne, for whose life you burn;
 'From her, when busy all the summer's day
 'She weaves the curious woof that snares her prey,
 'I learn fair industry and art to prize,
 'Admiring nature providently wise,
 'Who, tho' her bounty unexhausted flows,
 'Not daily bread on idleness bestows.

' Arachne,

' Arachne, still superior to despair,
 ' Restores with art what accidents impair,
 ' The thousandth time the broken thread renews,
 ' And one great end with fortitude pursues ;
 ' To me her toil is ne'er renew'd in vain,
 ' Taught what the wise by perseverance gain,
 ' Warm'd by example to the glorious strife,
 ' And taught to conquer in the fight of life.

' When now with rest amidst her labours crown'd,
 ' She watchful, patient, eyes the circle round,
 ' I learn, when toil has well deserv'd success,
 ' Hope's placid, calm, expectation to possess,
 ' With care to watch, with patience still to wait
 ' The golden moment, tho' delay'd by fate.'

Impatient Cloe thus again replied,
 " How soon is error thro' each veil descried !
 " Still boasting reason's power, how weak are we !
 " How blind, alas ! to all we would not see !
 " Else how could Philo, in a spider's cause,
 " Talk thus of mercy with deserv'd applause ?
 " Or call aught virtuous industry and skill,
 " Exerted only to surprize and kill ?
 " The blameless insect, whom no murder feeds,
 " For her, the victim of her cunning, bleeds ;
 " Cunning ! which when to wisdom we compare,
 " Is but to her, to men what monkeys are."

' Hold ! Philo cries, and know, the same decree
 ' Gave her the fly, which gives the lamb to thee ;

- ‘ Or why those wings adapted to the snare,
- ‘ Why interceptive hangs the net in air?
- ‘ As plain in these the precept, “ kill and eat,”
- ‘ As in thy skill to carve the living treat.’

To this, she cries, “ Persuade me, if you can—
 “ Man’s lord of all, and all was made for man.”

‘ Vain thought! the child of ignorance and pride!’
 Disdainful smiling, quickly he replied,

- ‘ To man, vain reptile! tell me of what use
- ‘ Are all that Afric’s peopled wastes produce?
- ‘ The nameless monsters of the swarming seas,
- ‘ The pigmy nations wasted on the breeze?
- ‘ The happy myriads, by his eyes unseen,
- ‘ That bask in flowers, and quicken all the green?
- ‘ Why live these numbers blest in nature’s state?
- ‘ Why lives this spider object of thy hate?
- ‘ Why man? but life in common to possess,
- ‘ Wide to diffuse the stream of happiness;
- ‘ Blest stream! th’ o’erflowing of the parent mind,
- ‘ Great without pride, and without weakness kind.’

With downcast eyes, and sighs, and modest air,
 Thus in soft sounds replied the wily fair:

- “ This fatal subtilty thy books impart
- “ To baffle truth, when unsustain’d by art;
- “ For this, when Cloe goes at twelve to bed,
- “ Till three you sit, in converse with the dead;
- “ No wonder then, in vain my skill’s employ’d
- “ To prove it best that vermin be destroy’d—

“ But

“ But tho’ you proudly triumph o’er my sex,
 “ Joy to confute, and reason but to vex,
 “ Yet, if you lov’d me, to oblige your wife,
 “ What could you less! you’d take a spider’s life.
 “ Once to prevent my wishes Philo flew,
 “ But time, that alters all, has alter’d you.
 “ Yet still, unchang’d, poor Cloe’s love remains;
 “ These tears my witness, which your pride disdains;
 “ These tears, at once my witness, and relief.”

Here paus’d the fair, all eloquent in grief.

He, who had often, and alone, o’erturn’d
 Witlings, and sophists, when his fury burn’d,
 Now yields to love the fortress of his soul;
 His eyes with vengeance on Arachne roll,
 ‘ Curs’d wretch, thou poisonous quintessence of ill,
 ‘ Those precious drops, unpunish’d, shalt thou spill!’
 He said, and, stooping, from his foot he drew,
 Black as his purpose, what was once a shoe;
 Now, high in air the fatal heel ascends,
 Reason’s last effort now the stroke suspends;
 In doubt he stood—when, breath’d from Cloe’s
 A struggling sigh her inward grief express’d. [breast,
 Fir’d by the sound, ‘ Die, sorceress, die,’ he cried,
 And to his arm his utmost strength applied:
 Crush’d falls the foe, one complicated wound,
 And the smote self returns a jarring sound.

On Ida’s top thus Venus erst prevail’d,
 When all the sapience of Minerva fail’d:

Thus to like arts a prey, as poets tell,
 By Juno lov'd in vain, great Dido fell.
 And thus for ever Beauty shall controul
 The faint's, the sage's, and the hero's soul.

But Jove with hate beheld th' atrocious deed,
 And Vengeance follows with tremendous speed;
 In Philo's mind she quench'd the ray that fir'd
 With love of science, and with verse inspir'd,
 Expung'd at once the philosophic theme,
 All sages think, and all that poets dream;
 Yields him thus chang'd a vassal to the fair,
 And forth she leads him, with a victor's air:
 Drest to her wish, he mixes with the gay,
 As much a trifle, and as vain as they;
 To fix their power, and rivet fast the chain,
 They lead where Pleasure spreads her soft domain;
 Where, drown'd in music Reason's hoarser call,
 Love smiles triumphant in thy groves, Vaux-hall.

LIFE.

L I F E . A N O D E .

Life! the dear precarious boon!
 Soon we lose, alas! how soon!
 Fleeting vision, falsely gay!
 Grasp'd in vain, it fades away,
 Mixing with surrounding shades,
 Lovely vision! how it fades!
 Let the muse, in fancy's glass,
 Catch the phantoms as they pass:
 See they rise! a nymph behold
 Careless, wanton, young and bold;
 Mark her devious, hasty pace,
 Antic dress, and thoughtless face,
 Smiling cheeks, and roving eyes,
 Causeless mirth, and vain surprize—
 Tripping at her side, a boy
 Shares her wonder, and her joy;
 This is Folly, Childhood's guide,
 This is Childhood at her side.
 What is he succeeding now,
 Myrtles blooming on his brow,
 Bright, and blushing, as the morn,
 Not on earth a mortal born?
 Shafts, to pierce the strong I view,
 Wings, the flying to pursue;

Victim

Victim of his power, behind
 Stalks a slave of human kind,
 Whose disdain of all the free
 Speaks his mind's captivity.
 Love's the tyrant, Youth the slave,
 Youth in vain is wise or brave;
 Love with conscious pride defies
 All the brave, and all the wise.
 Who art thou with anxious mien
 Stealing o'er the shifting scene?
 Eyes, with tedious vigils red,
 Sighs, by doubts and wishes bred,
 Cautious step, and glancing leer,
 Speak thy woes, and speak thy fear;
 Arm in arm, what wretch is he
 Like thyself, who walks with thee?
 Like thy own his fears and woes,
 All thy pangs his bosom knows:
 Well, too well! my boding breast
 Knows the names your looks suggest,
 Anxious, busy, restless pair!
 Manhood, link'd by fate to Care.
 Wretched state! and yet 'tis dear—
 Fancy, close the prospect here!
 Close it, or recall the past,
 Spare my eyes, my heart, the last.
 Vain the wish! the last appears,
 While I gaze it swims in tears;

Age—my future self—I trace
 Moving slow with feeble pace,
 Bending with disease and cares,
 All the load of life he bears ;
 White his locks, his visage wan,
 Strength, and ease, and hope are gone.
 Death, the shadowy form I know !
 Death o'ertakes him, dreadful foe !
 Swift they vanish—mournful fight,
 Night succeeds, impervious night !
 What these dreadful glooms conceal
 Fancy's glass can ne'er reveal ;
 When shall time the veil remove ?
 When shall light the scene improve ?
 When shall truth my doubts dispell ?
 Awful period ! who can tell ?

AN ODE TO HOPE.

Come! lovely queen of endless smiles,
 Whose art the woes of life beguiles!
 With thee I'll rove, with thee I'll rest,
 Amidst thy sweet enchantments blest;
 O! let me, with thy poppies crown'd,
 Unconscious tread this thorny ground!
 Thy pleasing dreams before me spread,
 And stretch thy wings to guard my head,
 Secure amidst surrounding strife,
 Nor wak'd by all the storms of life!
 The brighter side of wealth and power,
 Shall bless the visionary hour;
 Wealth, without care, shall be possess'd,
 And power, without a guilty breast;
 Pomp, free from flattery, and from scorn,
 And love's sweet flower, without the thorn.
 While Fortune, with an erring hand,
 Her bounty scatters thro' the land,
 And fools, and knaves the treasures find,
 By heaven for knaves, and fools, design'd,
 Not unrewarded Virtue sighs,
 In Hope her lasting pleasure lies;
 Nor while Astræa holds the scale,
 Shall vice, and ponderous gold, prevail,

By

By Hope external wants supplied,
 She turns the beam on Virtue's side.
 Here Time with sweeping stroke destroys,
 Like grass, possession's transient joys,
 Hope, like the pine aspiring high,
 Can all the rage of time defy;
 For each lopp'd branch, the vigorous root
 Ordains a double branch to shoot,
 For one, a thousand stems arise,
 And bloom, and bear, beyond the skies.
 If Hope no distant blessing shows,
 In vain is all the world bestows;
 If future joys her smiles display,
 In vain is all it takes away.
 The loss of power, of fame, of wealth,
 Yet more, of friends, of ease, and health,
 By strength of mind we learn to bear,
 And live, and smile, in spite of care;
 But losing thee, all comforts fly,
 We languish, we despair, we die.
 Beyond our reach, but still in sight,
 Thy glittering objects yield delight,
 If chance possession brings them near,
 We lose the fading joy in fear:
 What charm'd the sight, as good and fair,
 When touch'd, we mourn as clouds and air;
 Yet fond the vapour to retain,
 Each parting fragment gives us pain.

Thy

Thy cheerful light, with guiding ray,
 Thro' life directs our doubtful way,
 Invites the journey to fulfil,
 Before us, and before us fill !
 The grave we reach, thy pointing hand
 Beyond it shows the promis'd land,
 The last, best, effort of thy power
 Sustains us in the dreadful hour.
 Thy charge, and all our travels, o'er,
 We leave thee on the mortal shore,
 On realms unknown we land, and share
 A fate beyond thy influence there.
 Whate'er in realms unknown I be,
 Hope ! let me live on earth with thee.

O D E T O P L E A S U R E .

Sister of Youth and laughing Joy,
 Sweet Pleasure, sorrow-soothing queen,
 Daughter of Venus, ever-young,
 And Bacchus wreath'd with ivy green;
 Whom on their laps the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
 And all the Graces nurse beneath Idalian bowers.

O lead me to thy blissful vale!
 Where Hope and Health in sprightly round,
 Leisure, with Freedom hand in hand,
 In dance fantastic beat the ground;
 Where-e'er they tread the fairest flowers arise,
 Embroidering all the green with ever-varying dyes.

Let the stern pedant love to waste
 In studious search the tedious night,
 Attentive to the learned page
 By musing taper's glimmering light,
 Whose pensive ear no wakeful sounds alarm, [charm.
 Save the lone owl, slow clock, or bellman's drowsy

Me let the cheerful dance engage,
 Swift-urg'd along the lighted dome;
 While with new warmth the virgin glows,
 Her cheek all flush'd with fresher bloom;
Motion

Motion and music tenderest thoughts inspire,
And all her yielding soul relents to soft desire.

Let the sage hermit shun mankind,
With pale-eyed Penitence to dwell,
To freeze at midnight hours of prayer
Within a solitary cell;
Penurious on the verdant herb to sup,
And of the chilling stream to drain his beechen cup.

Be mine, amidst the social band,
The raptures of champaign to taste,
Whose vigorous juice new relish gives
To mutual converse, Reason's feast,
While old Anacreon seems to rise, and say,
" Begone, ye toils of life, ye busy cares, away !"

THE

T H E K I T E.

AN HEROI-COMIC POEM. IN THREE CANTOS.

BY THE REV. DR. BACON.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Dian's character. Cupid, jealous of her growing power, retires to her apartment, and seizes the copy-book by which she first learn'd to write. A description of it. He finds the young lady at her harpsichord. The particulars of her song.

TO chase the timorous hare young Dian knew,
 Or thro' the woods the flying deer pursue;
 O'er the high mound her courser rag'd secure,
 Eager, yet conscious of the charge he bore:
 While health auspicious mantled in her face,
 Glow'd on her cheek, and heighten'd every grace.
 Or if the clamorous echoes of the field
 To the gay dance, and sweeter music yield,
 Her courtly motion set the soul on fire,
 And told us all the graces of the lyre.

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If

If Dian at the frame display'd her power,
 And charg'd the needle with the future flower,
 New life, like some kind destiny, she gives,
 And in a nobler loom the * heroes lives :
 Here Ormond's duke, retir'd from martial cares,
 The peaceful scarlet of a tulip wears ;
 There great Eugene, in azure robes array'd,
 Confest his toils and dangers well repaid ;
 Here grew, adorn'd with every spreading grace,
 The purple honours of the gay Borlace ;
 On this fair stalk the Gallic monarch shone
 More powerful on her apron, than his throne.

Love, with a jealous eye, beheld the fair,
 Her conquests number'd, and began to fear,
 Watch'd every glance that wander'd from her eye,
 And saw with less success his arrows fly :

" But must that empire I derive from heaven
 " Be given to Dian all ! so cheaply given !
 " Nations no more at my dread altars bow !
 " And these victorious shafts lie useless now !
 " Not so the golden trophy Venus gain'd ;
 " 'Twas with the ruins of a Troy she reign'd,
 " When flighted Juno, raging with despair,
 " Led sternly out her booted Greeks to war.

So griev'd the god ; and, stung with fury, fled
 Where jealous rage and pale resentment led.

* Alluding to particular names given by florists, &c.

Sacred to secrecy and soft repose,
 Rose an alcove, where, rang'd in artful rows,
 (By Dian wrought) the drowsy poppy grows;
 The virgin here, like Sol's declining ray,
 Withdrew her lustre, and retir'd from day:
 Gay Fancy, ever waking, here retains
 Her liveliest visions, and her softest scenes;
 While Slumbers round their silent station take,
 And seal those eyes that keep the world awake:
 Where wedding-cake, inspiring pleasing dreams,
 The happy partner of her bed proclaims,
 While guardian Loves the merry dance begin,
 And jolly Hymen leads the bridegroom in.
 In caskets here unnumber'd trophies lay,
 And loaded shelves their mimic pomp display;
 Here paper-towns their waving turrets show,
 And forests from her scissars taught to grow;
 There the proud ship extends its wondrous frame,
 And to the maid brings home eternal fame;
 Carnations here the lingering eye regale,
 Here ever blows the lilly of the vale;
 The lavish rose here wantons all the year,
 So spreads its blooming leaves, so blushes here.
 Here, to repair his loss, poor Cupid flies,
 And darts in every cask his restless eyes.

Beneath a gilded pile of billet-deux,
 Cupid at length the marbled quarto views,

That taught her words a fable hue to wear,
 And bid them please the eye as well as ear.
 In virgin order the coy letters move,
 Nor modest know the closer ties of love;
 Yet not the chief that boasts a flourish'd train,
 (The rolling beauties of a hasty pen)
 With all his gaudy ornaments, could please
 More than the simple elegance of these.
 Here A, by himself A, furnam'd the great,
 With awful front o'erlooks the little state,
 And, like Æneas, with majestic pace,
 T' Italian order leads his letter'd race;
 While, next him, little a, with youthful pride,
 Trips, like Iulus, by his father's side:
 Here bending c's disclose half orbs of light,
 Like the new honours of the queen of night:
 There i, like the fifth Edward, stands display'd,
 His crown for ever hanging o'er his head:
 There o, distinguish'd by his curious round;
 And q by children in the corner found:
 The s, with arched neck, and tail reclin'd;
 And the twin u's in sacred friendship join'd.
 Each letter thus, by different beauties known,
 In order led the gay succession on.

Trembling with eager joy, he snatch'd the prize;
 Dian no more grew hateful to his eyes:
 And now in haste his golden wings he spread,
 And, all impatient, sought the beauteous maid.

Fix'd

Fix'd to the lyre, he found the tuneful fair;
 The mystic numbers well deserv'd his ear.
 She sung, when ghosts approach, why lights burn
 Why candles show the future billet-doux; [blue;
 Why, from the taper, rose the virgin-strife,
 Why chastest breath recalls it into life;
 Why the young Hylas bids his father run
 T'obey the summons of a watery sun;
 And why, to think, should aid the housewife's skill,
 And thro' the joint conduct the lucky steel;
 What certain ills succeed, if crickets call;
 Why states and salt-sellers together fall.

C. A. N. T. O. II.

ARGUMENT.

Cupid opens his design of making the Kite, and offers his arms to Dian. The Loves descend. The plan for the Kite is laid out by a mechanical Love, who begs Cupid's bow of Dian. They all assist in the work, till the leaves of the copy-book are used. Here Mercury seasonably furnishes them with acts of parliament. The tail is finish'd, and the lanthorn added by Dian. Cupid receives it, and institutes the game of leaping over the candle. A short episode on this subject.

THE virgin ceas'd ; and Venus' smiling son
 (The volume waving in his hand) begun.
 " If e'er I taught that breast to fall and rise,
 " And emptied quivers from those sparkling eyes ;
 " If I, the lover sweetly to beguile,
 " Spread o'er those dimpled cheeks that winning
 " Let Cupid once his earnest wish obtain ; [smile ;
 " Hear what he asks, nor let him ask in vain.
 " Know then, fair maid, from Love's great sovereign
 " know,
 " Has Cupid ought ? — 'Tis all fair Dian's now !
 " The

" The world receives thy edicts with applause,
 " And Love's liege subjects hear from thee their laws.
 " Thee shall the Graces, thee the Smiles attend,
 " And young Desires around their camp extend.
 " But shall these hands no mark of favour boast,
 " Robb'd of their arms—my bow, my quiver lost!
 " Ah! let the skilful maid a frame prepare,
 " These leaves (so heaven has doom'd) must rise in air:
 " Then, born on Zephyrs, shall thy work be seen,
 " And distant eyes adore the wing'd machine:
 " Cupid well-pleas'd shall guide its easy flight,
 " And Dian too shall view its wonderous height!
 " At Jove's command, the royal eagle flies,
 " And bears his rolling thunder thro' the skies:
 " The gaudy peacock struts in plummy pride,
 " And stalks majestic by a Juno's side;
 " And, tho' mamma prefers her wanton dove,
 " Cupid shall have a better bird than Jove."

Thus urg'd the power of love—Agreed—the
 And reach'd the bow and quiver from his side: [cried,

Now to their posts a thousand Loves descend,
 And round the fair with busy zeal attend;
 Among them one, whom long experience blest
 With a mechanic head above the rest.

He form'd the ruff in good Eliza's days,
 And first confin'd the slender waist in stays:
 He first with beauty-spots adorn'd the maid,
 And bid her borrow lustre from their shade:

He knit the lovers-knot in times of old,
 And form'd the circle of the bridal gold :
 He on the ear first hung the sparkling rings ;
 His was the tucker ; his the kissing-strings.
 He first in canvas hoop enclos'd the maid ;
 'Turn'd the round coif ; and rais'd the stiffen'd head.
 While other Loves the paste, or packthread brought,
 Drew out the plan, and built the bird in thought ;
 He sought the wand, which first her grandfire bore,
 Th' expressive ensign of the sheriff's power ;
 This next the infant Dian active strode,
 And round the parlour fancied journeys rode :
 (Its mane, like gold, in glittering tinsel spread,
 And painted streamers nodded o'er its head)
 But now miss Molly, with becoming speed,
 Press'd with her wanton weight the nimble reed ;
 Artful he tempts the little fair to stay,
 And steals the long-descended gift away.
 His useful theft the winged band approve,
 Fair Dian smil'd, and thus began the Love.

" Ah, generous victor, spare one useful toy !
 " Ah ! let us once again the bow enjoy !
 " Those eyes alone can greater mischiefs do,
 " Want not our skill, and wound without our bow !
 " Be thine the turtles ! be the sparrows thine ;
 " And keep the quiver ! — but the bow resign !
 " Crown'd with its arch, Maria's horse shall rise,
 " And trail thy labours thro' the wondering skies ! "

Thus

Thus he: nor sued in vain, the maid gave ear,
And with a graceful nod receiv'd his prayer.

And now, disrob'd of all its uselefs pride,
Firm to the bow the pliant reed she tied;
As when (some full, but distant, mark in view)
With stretch'd-out arm the Parthian draws his yew;
The string, declining from its closing ends,
Obliquely to the arrow's head descends:
So fell the cord, so stood the captive steed,
By Dian's hand to rise, for nobler flights decreed.

The little Loves, not idle by her side,
For various works the manuscript divide:
Those o'er the surface spread its leaves, while these
Collect the sacred relics for the stays.
Exulting Cupid too his tribute brings,
And waves on high the deeply-scollop'd wings:
With art divine the fringe he gather'd round,
And with a filken cord the tassels bound:
His bow with these the power of love adorns,
And the gay pendants tremble from its horns.

Yet, ah! what boots his care? what griefs attend?
At once his hope, his joy, and labour, end!
The volume fails! — and still unfinish'd lies
The bird of Love! still wants a tail to rise!

But while around th' imperfect work they wait,
Or by the silent maid all pensive fate,
Hermes, (so bids the laughter-loving-dame)
Like an old justice of the quorum, came.

A dark full-bottom'd wig his temples shades,
 And o'er his shoulders venerably spreads ;
 An antient cane his steady footsteps guide ;
 And an old sword stuck stiffly by his side :
 With a long file of senate-acts he came,
 These tax'd the land — and those secur'd the game.
 In Dian's skilful hand he left the prize,
 And, quick as thought, shot upward to the skies.
 With cautious skill the shining steel she guides,
 And in small remnants Hermes' gift divides.
 Speeches of kings came flourish'd from her hand ;
 And furl'd, like heroe's plumes, their edicts stand :
 Laws hung like cambrick on the wrists of beaux ;
 And Anna's acts look'd like her furbeloes :
 These nicely-gather'd on her lace she strung,
 And on the bird decrees of nations hung.
 Of proclamations next a dome she frames,
 Enclos'd within, a living taper flames :
 Thro' equal folds its wanton blazes play,
 And wavy rounds transmit the silver ray.

Cupid with reverence receives the prize,
 (A thousand transports sparkling in his eyes :)
 “ And shall great actions public triumphs grace,
 “ And does thy work (he cried) deserve them less ?
 “ When Python by Apollo's arm lay slain,
 “ And stretch'd his livid body o'er the plain,
 “ Revolving seasons did the deed proclaim,
 “ And spoke the conquest in the Pythian game :

“ In

" In every age this just reward was due,
 " And Roman games, as Roman heroes, grew :
 " But still to Love proceed no solemn shows,
 " No myrtle garland binds the victor's brows.
 " Hence then shall the gay youth and active maid
 " In merry gambols fly o'er * Nancy's head,
 " (For know, that trembling light which glimmers
 " Was Nancy once, a maid like Dian fair) [there,
 " When merry sports the hoary season brings,
 " And raises hinds from slaves to short-liv'd kings,
 " When Rose the circling monarchy obtains,
 " And dreadful whiskers mark disloyal swains.
 " This sure, at least, may Nancy's memory claim,
 " And Dian's work demand a winter evening's game."

Thus spoke the God, then spread his golden wings,
 And o'er the waving taper active springs ;
 Fair Venus' sons the great example view,
 And o'er the light their vaulting chief pursue.

But say, my muse (since thou alone canst tell)
 How Nancy liv'd, and how lamented fell !
 Nancy, a virgin of the vestal train,
 Hymen in marriage sought ; but sought in vain.
 In vain he strove with all his joys to move,
 And warm her marble breast to nuptial love :

* This, with the following episode, refers to the riddle,
 Little white Nancy, &c.

The nymph, regardless of his prayers and sighs,
 From his embraces pale and panting flies ;
 The God pursued ; — and now had reach'd the fair,
 As thus she cried — “ O holy Vesta, hear !

“ Let Nancy still, amid thy maiden choir,
 “ From Hymen free, preserve thy living fire !”

She said : — and sudden to a taper turn'd,
 And in his circling arms, still trembling, burn'd.

“ Yet shalt thou, stubborn maid, enrag'd he cried,

“ At all my wedding-feasts attend the bride ;

“ Where-ever Hymen's call'd, thou too be there,

“ A witness to those joys thou wouldst not share.”

Thus he — and on his Nancy silent gaz'd,
 As her white petticoat around her blaz'd.

So great Alcides from the world retir'd,
 And flaming, in the magic-shirt, expir'd.

CANTO

C A N T O III.

ARGUMENT.

One of the Loves is sent to Æolus, for a prosperous gale to fly the Kite. Æolus's cell described. The Love returns with the gale to Dian. Cupid gives directions for the flight. Juno's envy, who sends Iris to cut the string. The Kite is turned into a star.

BUT Cupid now, with anxious thoughts oppress'd,
Ceas'd from his sport, and thus the Lovè's
address'd :

- “ Thus far have Jove and Fate propitious shone,
“ Our bird is finish'd, and one labour done !
“ Its safety is our next, our chieftest care,
“ While high it soars thro' pathless fields of air.
“ To guard it from the whirlwind's rapid power,
“ Or careful shield it from the treacherous shower :
“ Will Æolus, implor'd, refuse his aid ?
“ Or Jove deny, when Love and Dian plead ? ”

Scarce had he ended, but a Love withdrew,
And on the wings of generous duty flew ;
Nor tarried till he reach'd the distant cells,
Where the hoarse wind's imperious tyrant dwells.

Here

Here breath'd the South, that falls in genial showers,
 And gentle Zephyrs, crown'd with vernal flowers;
 There blew the East, that buttons breasts of beaux,
 And over Cloe's neck the tippet throws;
 Or with the North in dreadful union raves,
 Whirls o'er the main, and rolls the madding waves.

So (if great things may be compar'd with small,
 And troubled oceans to a jug of ale)
 When Tattle heats the drink that cheers her soul,
 And to her tooth prepares the groaning bowl;
 Her giddy hands the mingling fluids shake,
 And the white bubbles o'er the the surface break.

Unnumber'd virgins croud on every side,
 To various punishments condemn'd for pride.
 Belinda here her pins and powder tries,
 And the dear glass with fruitless labour eyes:
 Behind her chair the rustling North attends,
 And ever discomposes as she mends:
 Raw vapours steam around the cruel fair,
 And winds that whistle nothing but despair.
 There Amoret cold piercing blasts pursue,
 And stain her nose with everlasting blue!
 Others, whose hoops unwary youths enflam'd,
 Here run — O L — d! so rumpled and ashamed!

Thro' these the Love (and not regardless) went,
 As onward to the monarch's throne he bent.
 The merchant here his ready aid implores,
 And asks a brighter gale from India's shores:

There

There luckless Hero for a calm intreats,
 While her Leander tempts the fatal freights:
 And black-eyed Sufan with impatience burns,
 To know how soon sweet William's ship returns:
 Whilst Æol 'midst his guards, in awful state,
 Array'd in furr, like Ruffia's sovereign, fate;
 His stretch'd-out arm dispensing prosperous gales,
 To fame and conquest swells Britannia's sails.

Now all was hush'd, and Love his silence broke,
 And thus the wind-compelling king bespoke:

“ If ever Dian's beauty reach'd thy cell,
 “ If e'er thine eye beheld the sportive belle,
 “ When the fair huntress, foremost of the train,
 “ Grew to her steed, and scower'd along the plain:
 “ If Æol then in conscious rapture stray'd,
 “ And round her neck, in glad confusion, play'd;
 “ If then, with greedy joy, her lips he press'd,
 “ Rump'd her tucker, and unveil'd her breast;
 “ That hand, that did so oft thy bliss reprove,
 “ Gives to thy charge, this day, the bird of Love:
 “ Let Zephyrs then in active whispers breathe,
 “ But every other wind be still as death!
 “ This Fan be thine, and such in love its power,
 “ Not Jove, in all his shapes, e'er boasted more.
 “ When future passions shall thy breast invade,
 “ Be this the present to the favourite maid;
 “ Its sheet unfurl'd reveals a scene of gold,
 “ And Love in ambush lies in every fold;

“ Soon

" Soon as her hand these painted altars raise,
 " The nymph, not vainly, with my arrows plays;
 " This ever shall new thoughts of thee suggest,
 " And bear thee to her lips, and waft thee to her
 " breast."

Thus he—and the grim monarch of the wind,
 In swelling bags a happy gale confin'd:
 With these well fraught, the Love returns to day,
 And back to Dian wings his liquid way.

Now with the bird she seeks the flowery meads,
 (Pancies and dazies spring where-e'er she treads;)
 The little Loves around, with decent pride,
 Hang on her hoop, and triumph by her side.

Lo! mid the ranks, superior, Cupid moves,
 And issues out his orders to the Loves;
 To these he gave the lanthorn, and the tail,
 But trebly charg'd 'em to supply the gale.
 A chosen cohort from the rest he drew,
 And to their care assign'd th' important clue.

" Soon as the maid in equal poise sustains,
 " And on her arm my bird obliquely leans,
 " You forward haste—(this glove shall be the sign)
 " With judgment to contract, or give it line;
 " Do you with caution from the tail repair,
 " But yield the lanthorn with distinguish'd care!
 " Who diligent this day attends my bird,
 " His hand shall, next to Cupid's, hold the cord."

The glove was wav'd—the steady engine flew,
 Sprung into air, and lessen'd to the view;
 Proudly it sail'd, on crouding Zephyrs born,
 And every Love was pilot in his turn:
 Dian transported too beheld it fly,
 And to the taper grew her aking eye.

But Cupid timorous saw its height in air,
 And thought his bird too distant from his care.
 'Twas he the messenger decreed to send,
 And would, by proxy, on his bird attend:
 What better than a billet-doux may prove
 The tender representative of Love?
 For, lo! the maid a gilded sheet imparts,
 That breath'd unfeigned flames, and real darts.
 Led by the clue, its rapid flight it steers,
 And to the bird his airy summons bears.

Ah! what avail its easy-waving wings?
 And length of tail, that boasts successive acts of kings!
 How frail our span of time! how fix'd its date!
 How soon the noblest labours yield to fate!
 Sleep-breaking care, gay pleasure, and pale woe,
 Meet in one stream! and in one channel flow!
 Virtue but like a shining vapour flies!
 And when it brightest blazes soonest dies!
 For Juno now, (with memorable spight!)
 Saw Cupid's bird, and sicken'd at the sight!
 Her past dishonour all her breast alarms;
 Venus preferr'd, and her own slighted charms!

Now from her eye a gleam of envy breaks,
 And all the goddesses to revenge awake :
 " Shall Juno then, inglorious, quit the field ?
 " And, unreveng'd, the palm of beauty yield ?
 " If Ida's goddesses boasts superior charms,
 " Why did my Jove prefer me to his arms ?
 " But still her impious hands detain the prize ;
 " Her power encreases ! and her altars rise !
 " While I to partial fate unheard complain,
 " And call for vengeance to the gods in vain !
 " But swift thro' ether let my Iris glide,
 " And hang my keenest scissars by her side :
 " For, lo ! where yonder glimmering ray appears,
 " Her urchin's bird its airy journey steers !
 " There all his joy on one small thread depends,
 " That cut—at once his hope and empire ends !"
 She said : and Iris to her charge repairs,
 And reach'd the string—and clos'd the fatal sheers !
 Thrice was the baleful raven heard to croak,
 And hollow groans from heavy echoes broke !
 Screech-owls around the dire event forebode,
 And Cynthia from the mournful scene withdrew !
 Night, silent, bore it blazing thro' the air,
 And deck'd her mantle with the rising star.

THE COPERNICAN SYSTEM.

BY THE LATE SAM. EDWARDS, A. B. OF
TRIN. COL. CAMB.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXVIII.

A Sift, Urania, the adventurous song,
That from the towery height of heaven dost view
Unchang'd rotations, and harmonious spheres;
By thee, th' inspir'd Chaldean first observ'd
The various motions of the shining stars,
And mark'd the rising or the setting sun,
Whether in Aries, or in Libra, seen,
His course performing thro' th' etherial space
By twelve conspicuous signs well known, that show
The utmost margin of his rapid sway:
In antient times so thought: but now the sun
Fix'd in the centre of fix orbits glows,
Lightening fix planets that around him roll;
Fix'd, as o'er Gibeon once when still he stood,
Or as the moon in lowly Ajalon,
When Joshua's mighty arm destroy'd the foes
Of Israel, and Jehovah, Israel's Lord:
Hence light and heat imparting all around,
(Diffusive fountain both of light and heat)
And vegetative force to all extends,

From glowing Mercury to Saturn's frozen orb.

Say, Muse, for well thou know'st, what planet first
The sun surrounding, takes its ambient course;
Swift Mercury first feels the burning sun,
That erst in air us'd unconfin'd to rove,
The nimble-footed messenger of heaven;
Now close confin'd, a narrower limit knows
In fiery regions, and the blaze of day:
Dark with excessive lustre, seldom seen
By eyes on earth, but when th' all-seeing sun,
Hid and eclips'd by th' intervening moon,
Unwillingly is lost; 'tis only then
'Thou, Mercury, art visible on earth.

Swift is his motion, as the tract not large,
That moving in his circlet he describes,
For in the space of three revolving moons
His journey finish'd, he again renews.

To thee, O Venus, next I tune my song,
As next in order plac'd, so next in light;
Goddeſs of pleasing and of soft desire,
That on the Paphian and the Cyprian groves
With influence sweet look'st down, thy parent seas
Behold rejoicing, when thy shining lamp
Ascending, or descending, cuts its way:
Whether thou'rt Hesperus, or Phosphor call'd,
Now evening's grace, and now the morning's pride,
For if at setting sun thy orb we view,
When doubtful twilight overshades the face

Of

Of heaven and earth, thou Hesperus, deign'ſt to hear;
 But if at morn we ſpy thy glimmering rays,
 'Tis then thou'rt chang'd, another and the ſame!
 Bright Phosphor hail!—to watchful ſhepherds
 known,

That in the meadows tend their fleecy care,
 Greeting the day with merry pipe and glee.

Nor does the moon alone her figure change,
 Even thou art mutable, alike thy form,
 Horn'd, or full orb'd, at different times appears;
 Transported at the ſight, old Vulcan ſmiles,
 In air to ſee thee by thoſe ſigns adorn'd,
 Which he on earth for thee contented bore.
 Bright as thou art, and cloath'd in lucent beams,
 Yet when in cloſe conjunction with the ſun,
 A ſpot in his reſplendent diſk thou'rt ſeen,
 And deck'ſt his cheeks, as Daphne once his brows:
 But oh! more kind, for never in thy round
 In point of oppoſition art thou ſeen.

Next rolls this earthly ball, the ſeat of man,
 Obliquely cutting its ethereal courſe
 Thro' twelve bright conſtellations, that adorn
 Heaven's azure vault, unalterably fix'd.

Fiſt in his golden fleece the Ram leads on
 With wonder and aſtoniſhment the Bull;
 Fierce, as when once a god he ſtemm'd the ſea,
 Bearing his lovely burden-thro' the waves,
 Secure of tempeſt: but not ſo Leander,

Prosperous, attain'd the long wish'd Sestian shore.

Then next advance the Twins, and then the Crab,
The brindled Lion, and the blushing Virgin,
And Libra next, that weighs in equal scales
Day answering night in length, and night the day.

The Scorpion now succeeds, a fiery star,
Stretching amain his formidable claws ;
Whence Cæsar kens the votive world below,
If Cæsar haply shines a star on high,
And sheds sweet influence down on thee, O Rome.

The hideous Archer next, with full-bent bow,
Half man, half beast, a monster terrible,
As e'er was feign'd to guard th' ethereal plains.

Then bearded Capricorn attracts our view,
Looking with wishful eyes upon the urn,
Gushing with fluent streams, as many a goat
On craggy mountain's top in antient Wales,
Or from the Wreking's vast stupendous height
Looks down upon the Severn's silver streams,
Laving the flowery banks of fruitful Salop.

The wintery Fishes close the heavenly rear,
Their station 'tween Aquarius and the Ram.

Lo! these the signs of days, of months, and years ;
For when, thro' twelve bright constellations, Earth
Unwearied hath her radiant journey run ;
From whence it first set out, it takes its course.
'Times also and their seasons well they note ;
For when the sun in sleecy Aries sets,

The

The fresh returning spring, the heart of man
 And beast rejoices, with new vigour fraught,
 Pleas'd to behold the captivating scene,
 When new-sprung glories ravish every eye,
 And sweet variety adorns the meads.
 Oh! then how pleasurable 'tis to rove
 On banks of Cam, or Isis, fam'd in song,
 To meditate the great Creator's praise;
 Who in his works so manifest is seen,
 As far as nature can her Author paint!

But when th' exalted sun in Cancer rides,
 Excessive heats ensue; 'tis then the plains
 Parch'd, and divided into many a crack,
 Gape and invoke the long suspended showers;
 Deep-sounding thunders roll, while from the clouds
 The long imprison'd vapours burst their way,
 And the red lightnings dart their dreadful gleams,
 Making day hideous:—Round the grazing beasts
 Fly trembling, and their dark recesses seek.

When equal Libra next brings forth the day,
 And raging Sirius fierce at midnight glares,
 Prefaging storms, and pestilence, and death;
 Then frequent funerals in long order shine,
 And add a double horror to the night;
 And wider would extend their dreary doom,
 But for the cheerful gift of that kind God,
 That loads with clustering grapes the bending vines:

But when Aquarius sheds its humid influence,

Dark mists the traveller feels : — But stay, my Muse,
Urge not a theme already so well sung.

Smooth, as the ice they sing, thy numbers flow,
* Great Bard, we quake and shudder at thy frost!
O! may they never, who despise thy Muse,
Alive or dead, be by thy Muse adorn'd.

Nor shall the earth's attendant pass unsung,
Sole arbitress of night, the pale-eyed moon,
Constant in her inconsistency ; 'tis she
Can raise or can depress the boisterous ocean,
In Zenith towering, or in Nadir low :
Oft at thy pallid glimpse the fairy elves,
With nimble feet, the circling dance perform
In some thick grove, or round a mossy spring ;
Sipping from acorn cups the pearly dew,
And midnight revels celebrate with joy
To Mab their queen, and Oberon their king.

Oh! thou the most irregular of all
The planets, that describe their sloping way,
Why is thy course protracted long and large,
What time the jolly huntsman's cries resound ?
Is't to behold thy lov'd Endymion's face,
That oft was wont, in forests wild and wide,
To chase the scudding hare, or trembling deer,
O'er many a rising hill or lowly dale ?
Him to revisit oft thy silver sphere

* Mr. Thompson, author of a poem called Winter.

(So poets sing) in heaven forsaken stood.

Nor does the moon uncertain warning give
Of future storms ; for if a reddish hue
Its full orb'd disk o'erspreads, then storms expect,
And tempests yet to come, to vex the main
With rage impetuous ; who then would choose
Way-ward abroad companionless to rove,
Thro' dreary deserts, and unpeopled plains ?

Nor equal always is thy lustre seen,
For dim suffusion oft and dusky shade,
From earth projected, intercepts thy light,
Whole, or in part eclips'd ; in vain the sound
Of tinkling cymbals, and the direful clang
Of brazen cauldrons, rung by vulgar hands,
Thy labours thus attempt to mitigate.

Next fiery Mars, whose dreadful sport is war,
Ascending terrible shoots forth his rays,
That led th' imbattled deities to fight ;
Now unattended shines : for no fair moon
By night his sphere adorns, but fierce his look,
Fierce, as when once he rag'd at Ilium's walls,
When struck by Diomed's adventurous arm :
But oh ! what luckless fate, what chance of war,
Great hero, led thee in ill-fated hour,
With erring lance to wound fair beauty's queen ?

Majestic next, and slow in awful state,
Rolls Jupiter immense ; an equal bulk
Of all the wandering planets none can boast ;

Attended

Attended in his course by four bright moons,
 That faithful lend their well accepted light.
 Thus equal, nature in her works decreed,
 By moons to aid a twelve years winter's frost:
 Nor summers there, if summers there be known,
 Refuse th' assistance of those grateful lights.

Nor do thy moons alone our wonder raise,
 When curious we behold thy many belts
 That gird thy spacious body round and large,
 Form'd from thick vapours, or eruption dire;
 Or was't from hence thy flaming lightnings flew,
 Drawn to transfix the rash Titanian race,
 That with presumptuous arms provok'd thy power,
 O'er mountains heap'd on mountains, when they
 Thy empire to dispute in impious war? [strove

Next then—but a long interval between,
 Behold we tardy Saturn's livid face,
 In distance far remote; the solar rays
 Scarce cheer with light his unrejoicing orb;
 But for five moons, that in alternate dance
 Around him as their centre circling move,
 Darkness intense would overspread his face.
 Nor mean thy light, that from thy lucent ring
 Powerful reflected on thy surface shines,
 That now a gilt horizon round thee seems,
 Like to that light at close or dawn of day
 When seen on earth; now a resplendent arch
 'Midst heaven's extended plains, like that fair bow,
 Con-

Conspicuous in the clouds, presaging calms.

Our labour now the direful comets urge,
Glaring tremendous thro' the vast expanse,
Threatening destruction, and the wreck of worlds;
But that strict bounds direct and guide their course,
Set, when th' Almighty, in creating hour,
From chaos call'd the glorious universe,
And fix'd the stars, and bid the planets move.

Where ether's space immense eludes our view,
And planets in their orbs in order range,
There free as air the fiery comets rove,
And direful orbs their rapid course extend.

Nor are their ways confus'd or intricate,
Irregular in winding mazes lost,
Eccentric error constant to itself,
To one law subject, one unerring rule
Of force attractive; thus unwearied they
Now sweep the utmost confines of the world,
Now basking in the neighbourhood of the sun;
Then swiftly flying his too piercing heat,
Rejoicing, they ascend their labours to resume.

Long tracts of light attend their dreadful course,
But trust not to thy view a foreign light,
And spurious honours deck their glowing mass;
Dense atmospheres emit their furtive beams,
Frequent and thick, by heat intense exhal'd:
The moon thus, with fraternal lustre bright,
Darts borrow'd rays, and glories not her own.

There

There are, that fate foretelling fires believe,
And conscious stars t' inspect the acts of men,
And threaten wars from distant climes to come.

Hence, stupid and amaz'd, the vulgar fear,
And sceptred monarchs tremble on their thrones;
Then happy he, who with his virtue arm'd,
Unterrified amidst the crush of worlds,
Meets willingly his long expected fate.

But oh! ye lights, and influencing stars,
Where then was fled your efficacious power,
When towering Newton's eyes were clos'd in death,
Or were ye bent his presence to obtain,
To whom on earth so well your ways were known?

Hail! glorious shade, in antient times foretold.
* By Sage prophetic; thou th' illustrious he
Destin'd to grace a new Augustan age;
But when th' archangel's latest trump shall sound,
And riven orbs destruction dire confess,
Then shall thy system fail, and nature's face
Renew'd in everlasting lustre shine.

Then death shall conquer death, the dreary tomb
Shall send forth glories that shall never fade.
The damn'd shall mourn the funeral of death,
And life, not death, of sin the wages be.

Frauds dark as night, and civil discords brood,
When stars even blush at what is done below;

For ne'er in heaven more frequent fires were seen,
 Than when the blood of Cæsar tinctur'd Rome.
 Nor dost thou, Rome, alone the slaughter weep
 Of fathers, children, brothers, husbands, wives,
 Even Albion once in grief could vie with thee,
 When Albion's sons, 'gainst Albion's sons arose.

But cease-intestine broils; so George commands,
 And whet your shining instruments of war,
 Employ'd much better on Iberian plains;
 And teach the treacherous soul in war to know
 The just resentment of a peace refus'd,
 Of violated leagues, and broken faith:
 Astræa shall return to bless our isle,
 And a new Athens in Britannia rise.

PSALM

P S A L M CIV.

IMITATED BY MR. THO. BLACKLOCK.

A Rise, my soul! on wings seraphic rise!
 And praise th' Almighty Sovereign of the skies!
 In whom alone essential glory shines,
 Which not the heaven of heavens, nor boundless space
 When darkness rul'd, with universal sway, [confines!
 He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day:
 First fairest offspring of th' omnific word!
 Which, like a garment, cloath'd its sovereign lord.
 He stretch'd the blue expanse from pole to pole,
 And spread circumfluent ether round the whole.
 Of liquid air he bade the columns rise,
 Which prop the starry concave of the skies.
 Soon as he bids, impetuous whirlwinds fly
 To bear his sounding chariot thro' the sky:
 Impetuous whirlwinds the command obey,
 Sustain his flight, and sweep th' aerial way.
 Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on high,
 Unnumber'd hosts of radiant heralds fly
 From orb to orb, with progress unconfin'd,
 As lightning swift, resistless as the wind.
 His word in air this ponderous ball sustain'd.
 "Be fixt" he said — and fixt the ball remain'd.

Heaven,

Heaven, air, and sea, tho' all their storms combine,
 Shake not its base, nor break the law divine.
 At thy almighty voice old ocean raves,
 Wakes all his force, and gathers all his waves
 Nature lies mantled in a watery robe,
 And shoreless ocean rolls around the globe;
 O'er highest hills the higher surges rise,
 Mix with the clouds, and lave the vaulted skies.
 But when in thunder the rebuke was given,
 That shook th' eternal firmament of heaven,
 The dread rebuke the frightened waves obey,
 They fled, confus'd, along th' appointed way,
 Impetuous rushing to the place decreed,
 Climb the steep hill, and sweep the humble mead:
 And now reluctant in their bounds subside;
 Th' eternal bounds restrain the raging tide:
 Yet still tumultuous, with incessant roar
 It shakes the caverns, and assaults the shore.
 By him, from mountains cloath'd in lucid snow,
 'Thro' verdant vales the mazy fountains flow.
 Here the wild horse, unconscious of the rein,
 That revels, boundless, o'er the wide campaign,
 Imbibes the silver stream, with heat oppress'd,
 To cool the fervor of his glowing breast.
 Here verdant boughs, adorn'd with summer's pride,
 Spread their broad shadows o'er the silver tide:
 While, gently perching on the leafy spray,
 Each feather'd songster tunes his various lay:

And

And while thy praise they symphonize around,
 Creation echoes to the grateful sound.
 Wide o'er the heavens the various bow he bends,
 Its tincture brightens, and its arch extends :
 At the glad sign aerial conduits flow,
 The hills relent, the meads rejoice below :
 By genial fervor, and prolific rain,
 Gay vegetation cloaths the fertile plain :
 Nature profusely good with bliss o'erflows,
 And still she's pregnant, tho' she still bestows !
 Here verdant pastures far extended lie,
 And yield the grazing herd a rich supply !
 Luxuriant, waving in the wanton air,
 Here golden grain rewards the peasant's care !
 Here vines mature in purple clusters glow,
 And heaven above diffuses heaven below !
 Erect and tall, here mountain-cedars rise
 High o'er the clouds, and emulate the skies !
 Here the wing'd crouds, that skim the yielding air,
 With artful toil their little domes prepare ;
 Here hatch their young, and nurse their rising care !
 Up the steep hill ascends the nimble doe,
 While timid conies scour the plains below ;
 Or in the pendent rock elude the scenting foe !
 He bade the silver majesty of night
 Revolve her circle, and increase her light :
 Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere ;
 And taught the sun to regulate the year,

At his command, wide-hoivering o'er the plain,
 Primeval night resumes her gloomy reign.
 Then from their dens, impatient of delay,
 The savage monsters bend their speedy way,
 Howl thro' the spacious waste, and chase the
 frighted prey.

Here walks the shaggy monarch of the wood,
 Taught from thy providence to ask his food :
 To thee, O Father ! to thy bounteous skies,
 He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes.
 He roars, the deserts tremble wide around !
 And repercussive hills repeat the sound.
 Now glowing gems the eastern skies adorn,
 And joyful nature hails the opening morn ;
 The rovers, conscious of approaching day,
 Fly to their shelters, and forget their prey.
 Laborious man, with moderate slumber blest,
 Springs cheerful to his toil from downy rest ;
 Till grateful evening, with her silver train,
 Bids labour cease, and ease the weary swain.
 Hail, sovereign goodness ! all productive mind !
 On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find !
 How various all ! how variously endued !
 How great their number ! and each part how good !
 How perfect then must the great parent shine !
 Who, with one act of energy divine,
 Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design !

Where-e'er the pleasing search my thoughts pursue,
 Unbounded goodness opens to my view.
 Nor does our world alone its influence share;
 Exhaustless bounty, and unwearied care,
 Extend thro' all th' infinity of space,
 And circle nature with a kind embrace.
 The wavy kingdoms of the deep below
 Thy power, thy wisdom, and thy goodness show.
 Here various beings without number stray,
 Croud the profound, or on the surface play.
 Leviathan here, the mightiest of the train!
 Enormous! fails incumbent o'er the main,
 And foams, and sports, and plays in spite of man. }
 All these thy watchful providence supplies:
 To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes:
 For them thou openest thy exhaustless store,
 Till the capacious wish can grant no more.
 But if one moment thou thy face should'st hide,
 Thy glory clouded, or thy smiles denied,
 Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes,
 And vents her grief in universal cries!
 Then gloomy death, with all his meagre train,
 Wide o'er the nations spreads his iron reign!
 Sea, earth, and air, the boundless ravage mourn,
 And all their hosts to native dust return!
 Again, thy glorious quickening influence shed,
 The glad creation rears her drooping head:
 New rising forms thy potent smiles obey,
 And life re-kindles at the genial ray;

United thanks replenish'd nature pays,
And heaven and earth resound their Maker's praise!

When time shall in eternity be lost,
And hoary nature languish into dust,
For ever young thy glories shall remain,
Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign!
Thou, from the reign of everlasting day,
Seest all thy works at one immense survey!
Pleas'd at one view the whole to comprehend,
Part join'd to part, concurring to one end.
If thou to earth but turn'st thy wrathful eyes,
Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies.
Thou smit'st the hills; and at th' almighty blow,
Their summits kindle, and their entrails glow.

While this immortal spark of heavenly flame
Distends my breast, and animates my frame,
To thee my ardent praises shall be born,
On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn;
The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
And nature in full choir shall join around!
When, full of thee, my soul excursive flies
Thro' earth, air, ocean, or thy regal skies,
From world to world new wonders still I find!
And all the Godhead bursts upon my mind!
When, wing'd with whirlwinds, Vice shall take her
To the wide bosom of eternal night, [flight
To thee my soul shall endless praises pay:
Join! men and angels! join th' exalted lay!

T O C H A R I T Y.

Delightful sovereign of the cheerful smile!
 (Save when thy eye pours forth the streaming
 Compassionate, as oft it doth, when Want [tear
 In pensive mood, and tatter'd garb appears)
 Where shall I find thee? for thy sacred step
 The power of secrecy attends and guards.
 O fortune! fortune! wherefore not to me
 Devolves thy golden tide! to me, whose hand
 Would turn thy flood into a thousand rills.
 Why on the barren rock, and niggard heath,
 Plays thy favonian breeze? why shines thy sun
 To tip the dunghill with a beam of gold?
 Why dost thou stretch thy treasure-laden hand
 'To those of no desert? yon sordid wretch
 Of narrow soul behold, on whom thy gifts
 Are lavish'd bountiful; behold, and blush!
 He shuts them from the light, nor heeds the cry
 Of helpless orphans, as before his door
 They kneel imploring, with distressful tears
 Softening the rude, hard flint. His harder heart
 Feels no emotion for another's woe.
 If in the world to come severest pangs
 Spontaneous crimes await, how much will mourn
 Beings unsocial, unbenevolent!
 This principle allies us to the stars.

Its non-exertion, where the power is given,
 Looks hateful to divine and human view.
 And yet how dances yonder miser's heart
 Ignoble! what from Charity he holds
 He deems œconomy, and hugs the thought
 Of posthumous applause, if by his will
 He gives the public what he cannot keep.
 Oh! vanity of fame! I'd rather lie
 Tomb'd in oblivion, ere I'd have my name
 Engrav'd immortal on so low a base.
 Wretch! as thou art—'tis ostentation all,
 A pride, which gnaws thy vitals up, and turns
 "The milk of human kindness" into gall.
 Queen of the liberal, vast, extensive thought,
 Sweet Charity! oh! lead me to the cell
 Where haggard famine o'er her dying race
 Sits weeping, while, on her uncover'd breast,
 The cold rain beats—there let me see thy hand
 Raise her dejected head, and give the means
 Of present comfort to her sobbing soul.
 So shall my tears convince thee, that my heart
 Is prone to pity, tho' I can't relieve.

W. W.

THE COMPLAINT. A PASTORAL ELEGY.

THE sun, diffusing genial fires,
 With flowers bedecks the dale;
 With joy the herd and flock inspires,
 With music fills the gale:

Yet he renews his warmth in vain,
 And flowerets paint the ground;
 Or lambkins gambol o'er the plain,
 Or songsters chant around.

To me, in vain, doth nature smile,
 In vain her charms display;
 Whilst I, with never-ending toil,
 Consume the live-long day.

Time was, I've hail'd the vernal powers,
 Flush'd with the general joy;
 When tepid gleams, and gentle showers,
 Have brighten'd earth and sky.

Have trod with glee the velvet green
 That rob'd the laughing earth;
 And eyed the universal scene,
 Or mark'd each floweret's birth.

When

When snow-drops first, in silver drest,
 Shot forth their daring head ;
 Or, when the violet's sapphire vest
 A fragrant incense shed.

Or starry pilewort's polish'd hue
 Besprig'd the fields with gold ;
 Or daisies pied, or harebells blue,
 Or true-love's verdant fold.

Yet, not with dull, lethargic gaze,
 I view'd fair nature's face ;
 The florid earth, the solar blaze,
 And vast ethereal space :

(For who that sees this beauteous frame
 Replete with wonder shine ;
 But must, with ready voice, proclaim
 A plastic Power divine ?)

Or, in the deep sequester'd grove,
 From care and business freed,
 Have sought the sacred muse's love,
 And tun'd my rustic reed.

Or, by some fountain, laid along,
 That winds around the trees,
 With raptures heard the woodland song,
 Or breath'd the scented breeze.

Or, stretch'd upon the mountain's steep,
 In Phœbus' drowsy beams;
 Have pass'd the hours in gentle sleep,
 Or wild romantic dreams.

And oft, with sweet Benevolence,
 A heaven-descended fair!
 Have sacrific'd the sweets of sense,
 Sublimer joys to share:

With her to range the thorny shade,
 Or climb the steepy hill;
 Or search the field, or marshy glade,
 Or trace the mazy rill:

With care to cull each healing plant,
 And every balmy bloom;
 And where disease and pining want
 Combin'd their horrid gloom:

'There to dispense their cheering aids,
 In each distressful cot;
 Where feeble swains, or pallid maids,
 Bemoan'd their dreary lot.

But ah! the herbs, the flowers, I seek
 With curious eye no more;
 No more they flush the haggard cheek,
 Or blooming health restore.

Nor healthful tincture they disclose,
 Nor cordial draught supply ;
 But on the spot from whence they rose,
 They blossom, fade and die.

Ere-while, with Daphne in my arms,
 The time transported flew ;
 When doating on her lovely charms,
 Which nature's pencil drew.

But now my scanty view's confin'd
 To Daphne's charms alone ;
 Since Hymen's rites with Love combin'd,
 And made her all my own :

Save what my little babes afford,
 Whom I behold with glee,
 When smiling at my humble board,
 Or prattling on my knee.

Not that I Daphne's charms despise,
 Which still new pleasures bring ;
 Her lovely presence never cloy's,
 She's grateful as the spring.

The dew-drop sparkling on its bed,
 In Daphne's eyes exprest ;
 Her cheeks outshine the campion's red,
 The daisy's white, her breast.

Her hair outvies the saffron morn,
 Her soft mellifluent note
 The thrush, that on the leafy thorn
 Distends his vocal throat.

Nor wish I, dear connubial state !
 To break thy silken bands ;
 I only blame relentless fate,
 That every hour demands.

Nor mourn I much my task austere,
 Which endless wants impose ;
 But—oh ! it wounds my heart to hear
 My Daphne's melting woes.

Ixion-like her fate she moans,
 Whose wheel rolls ceaseless round,
 While hollow sighs, and doleful groans,
 Fill all the dark profound.

For oft she sighs, and oft she weeps,
 And hangs her pensive head ;
 While blood her furrow'd fingers steeps,
 And stains the passing thread.

When orient hills the sun behold
 Our labours are begun ;
 And when he streaks the west with gold,
 The task is still undone.

My harmless lambs, may ye ne'er feel
 Such dire oppressive need ;
 While Poverty, with rod of steel,
 Still urges swifter speed.

How happy are the beasts and birds,
 Who find their food unfought !
 Kind nature all their wants affords,
 Without one anxious thought.

The beasts in freedom range the fields,
 Nor care nor sorrow know ;
 Their meat the tender herbage yields,
 The fountains drink bestow.

Each hour the birds, with sprightly voice,
 In rival songs contend ;
 Or o'er their bounteous meals rejoice,
 Or in fond dalliance spend :

But foresight warns me not to taste
 The bliss which heaven design'd ;
 But joyless all my nights to waste,
 To shun more woes behind.

Oh heaven ! why didst thou reason give
 To curb th' impassion'd soul ?
 Why did I not by instinct live,
 And act without controul ?

Or why, within this tortur'd heart,
Must keen reflection dwell?
To double every present smart,
And future pains foretell.

But ah, vile wretch! no longer blame
What gracious heaven decreed,
Nor thus with petulance disclaim
All-patient virtue's meed.

I'll rather now, with filial fear,
Adore the present God;
And his paternal stripes revere,
And kiss his healing rod.

For his blest providence withstood,
I counteract his will;
And what his wisdom meant for good,
My folly construes ill.

Who knows but liberty and wealth
Might work a woeful change;
With luxury might impair my health,
Or virtuous thoughts estrange.

What I detest he gives in love;
In love my suit denies;
Or oft my wish my bane might prove,
My bliss what I despise.

Then let not my presumptuous mind
 Oppose his love or might ;
 For well has moral Pope defin'd,
 " Whatever is, is right."

But let me not from hence surmise,
 That human ills descend
 From him, who, only good and wise,
 Is man's eternal friend :

No ; we, transgressing nature's laws,
 Nature's great God arraign ;
 While man's himself the chiefest cause
 Of all his grief and pain.

Tho' now, with penury oppress'd,
 I give my sorrows vent ;
 He soon may calm my troubled breast,
 Or sooth my discontent.

Come reason, then, bid murmuring cease,
 And intellectual strife !
 Come smiling hope, and dove-eyed peace,
 And still the storms of life.

My little skiff, kind pilots ! steer
 Adown the stream of time ;
 And teach me, melancholic fear,
 And dark distrust's, a crime.

For has not truth's unerring fire,
 Who all our wants must know ;
 Proclaim'd, what nature can require
 His bounty shall bestow.

He feeds the birds that wing their flight
 Along the passive air ;
 And lillies bloom in glossy white
 Beneath his fostering care.

Nor accident, nor fate, recalls
 The life that he has lent ;
 For not a single sparrow falls
 Without his kind assent.

And should stern penury's murky train
 Still haunt my lowly cell ;
 Yet faith shall smile away my pain,
 And all their threatenings quell.

For when thro' ether's boundless space,
 This terrene orb has run
 A few more times his annual race,
 Wide circling round the sun ;

Or haply, ere the day be past,
 And evening shades descend ;
 My wearied heart may pant its last,
 And all my sorrows end.

Then shall the disembodied soul
 Resign her dark domain,
 And range where countless systems roll,
 And springs eternal reign.

Yet not in solitude to soar,
 But with a kindred band,
 The power and wisdom to explore
 Of her Creator's hand.

Or with her tuneful powers complete
 To chant the bliss above;
 Or in extatic notes repeat
 Her dear Redeemer's love!

TRUTH

TRUTH AT COURT.

BY A REV. DEAN.

NOW fye upon't, quoth Flattery,
 These are bad times indeed for me;
 Spurn'd by the man, and in the place
 Where least I thought to meet disgrace:
 And yet I said the finest things,
 "Thou young, but righteous, best of kings,
 "Thou, who"—abrupt he turn'd away,
 And with an air, as who should say,
 "Go, show that gentleman the door,
 "And never let me see him more."
 Shock'd I withdrew—when, to enhance
 My shame, I straightway saw advance,
 And take my very place, forsooth,
 A strange old-fashion'd fellow, Truth.
 O! how it griev'd my heart to see
 The difference made 'twixt him and me!
 I of each sanguine hope bereav'd,
 He with a gracious smile receiv'd:
 And yet—(or greatly I mistake)
 The monarch blush'd when-e'er he spake;
 For he, tho' in a plainer way,
 Said every-thing I meant to say.

HYMN

HYMN TO HEALTH.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

Sweet as the fragrant breath of genial May,
 Come, fair Hygeia, heavenly born;
 More lovely than the sun's returning ray,
 To northern regions at the half year's morn.

Where shall I seek thee? in the wholesome grove,
 Where Temperance her scanty meal enjoys?
 Or Peace, contented with her humble lot,
 Beneath her thatch th' inclement blast defies?

Swept from each flower that tips the morning dew,
 Thy wing besprinkles all the scenes around;
 Where-e'er thou fly'st the blossoms blush anew,
 And purple violets paint the hallow'd ground.

Thy presence renovated nature shows,
 Each shrub with variegated hue is dy'd,
 Each tulip with redoubled lustre glows,
 And all creation smiles with flowery pride.

But in thy absence joy is seen no more,
 The landscape wither'd even in spring appears,
 The morn lowers ominous o'er the dusky shore,
 And evening suns set half extinct in tears.

Ruthless disease ascends, when thou art gone,
From the dark regions of th' abyfs below,
With Pestilence, the guardian of her throne,
Breathing contagion from the realms of woe.

In vain her citron groves Italia boasts,
Or Pe the balfam of her weeping trees,
In vain Arabia's aromatic coasts
Tincture the pinions of the paffing breeze.

No wholefome fcents impregn the weftern gale,
But noxious ftench exhal'd by fcorching heat;
Where gasping fwains the poisonous air exhale,
That once diffus'd a medicinal fweet.

Me, abjeft me, with pale difeafe oppreff,
Heal with the balm of thy prolific breath;
Re-kindle life within my clay-cold breaft,
And fhield my youth from canker-worms of death.

Then on the verdant turf, thy favourite fhrine,
Reftor'd to thee, a votary I'll come,
Grateful to offer, as a rite divine,
Each herb that grows round Æfculapius' tomb.

REFLECTIONS AT AN INN,

BY THE SEA-SIDE, AFTER A DANGEROUS
VOYAGE.

BY THE REV. MR. JONES, VICAR OF CALDICUT.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,

Tendimus in Latium. VIRGIL.

Illic robur et æs triplex, &c. HOR.

BRing me, O bring me to my Juliet's arms,
Whose beauty glads me, and whose virtue charms:
O snatch me swift from these tumultuous scenes,
To where love knows not what affliction means:
To where religion, peace, and comfort dwell,
And cheer with heavenly rays my lonely cell:
To where no rustling winds, no raging seas,
Disturb the muse amidst her pensive ease:
Each passion calm; each mild affection mine;
Each social grace; each human; each divine;
Unknown in private, or in public strife,
Soft sailing down the placid stream of life:
Aw'd by no terrors, with no cares perplex'd;
This life—my gentle passage—to the next;
Yet—if it please thee best—thou Power Supreme!
To drive my bark thro' life's more rapid stream,

If lowering storms my destin'd course attend,
 And ocean rage till this black voyage end;
 Let ocean rage—let storms indignant roar,
 I bow submissive; and, resign'd, adore:
 Resign'd, adore; in various changes tried;
 Thy own lov'd Son, my anchor, and my guide:
 Resign'd, adore; whate'er thy will decree,
 My faith in Jesus, and my hope in thee.
 O happiest lot! if thro' a sea of woes,
 I reach that harbour where the just repose.

A N O D E,

ON THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY'S LOSING HIS
HAT, AND CHARGING THE FRENCH LINES
BARE-HEADED.

WHere's now Othello's hair-breadth 'scapes *;
And all his fancied hardships of the field?

Avant! ye mimic, bug-bear shapes,
Shadows must to substance yield.

Granby hath more horrors seen,
By greater perils been beset;
Death and Granby thrice have met,
And not an hair between †.

The Frenchmen star'd, as well they might,
Threw down their arms, and took to flight;
His naked poll more terror bore,
Than Cæsar armour'd o'er and o'er.

“Parbleu!” says one,

“But I’ll begone,

“This is the devil of a Don!

“’Tis father Time! I know his pate;

“And that’s his scythe as sure as fate.”

* See Othello's speech to the senate.

† He was born bald.

Granby, who loves a little fun,
 And knew the cause which made them run,
 Thus the timorous foe bespoke,
 {By way of keeping up the joke:}

“ But, gentlemen—hollo! I say—

“ Take nothing but yourselves away;

“ Ye carry now the jest too far;

“ Are these your tricks and spoils of war?

“ To leave a man in open air,

“ Waiting on you, sans hat or hair?

“ Why, what a plague! what breeding's that?

“ You, fellow there—return my hat.

“ 'Tis true I am not very old;

“ But, what of that?—I may take cold.”

“ Not so, my son” Fame, smiling, said,

And clapt the laurel on his head:

“ Beyond the reach of human eye,

“ Thy warlike beaver waves on high;

“ Mars saw it fall, and bad it rise

“ An hat immortal to the skies.”

The hero to the goddess bow'd,

And saw her vanish thro' a cloud;

Then turn'd about his horse's head,

And pick'd his way thro' heaps of dead:

Within his tent retir'd to rest,

And slept—with honour in his breast.

TO THE RIGHT HON.
LADY ANNE COVENTRY.

UPON VIEWING HER FINE CHIMNEY-PIECE
OF SHELL-WORK.

BY THE LATE MR. SOMERVILLE.

THE greedy merchant ploughs the sea for gain,
And rides exulting o'er the watery plain;
While howling tempests, from their rocky bed,
Indignant break around his careful head.

The royal fleet the liquid waste explores,
And speaks in thunder to the trembling shores;
The voice of wrath awak'd the nations hear,
The vanquish'd hope, and the proud victors fear;
Those quit their chain, and these resign their palm,
While Britain's awful flag commands a calm.

The curious sage, nor gain nor fame pursues,
With other eyes the boiling deep he views;
Hangs o'er the cliff inquisitive to know
The secret causes of its ebb and flow:
Whence breathe the winds that ruffle its smooth face,
Or ranks in classes all the fishy race,
From those enormous monsters of the main,
Who in their world, like other tyrants, reign,

To the poor cockle-tribe, that humble band
 Who cleave to rocks, or loiter on the strand.
 Yet even their shells the forming hand divine
 Has, with distinguish'd lustre, taught to shine.
 What bright enamel! and what various dyes!
 What lively tints delight our wondering eyes!
 Th' Almighty Painter glows in every line:
 How mean alas! is Raphael's bold design,
 And Titian's colouring, if compar'd to thine! }
 Justly supreme! let us thy power revere,
 Thou fill'st all space! all beauteous every where!
 Thy rising sun with blushes paints the morn,
 Thy shining lamps the face of night adorn;
 Thy flowers the meads, thy nodding trees the hills;
 The vales thy pastures green, and bubbling rills;
 Thy coral groves, thy rocks, that amber weep,
 Deck all the gloomy mansions of the deep;
 Thy yellow sands distinct with golden ore,
 And these thy variegated shells the shore.
 To all thy works such grandeur hast thou lent,
 And such extravagance of ornament.
 For the false traytor, man, this pomp and show!
 A scene so gay, for us poor worms below!
 No—for thy glory all these beauties rise,
 Yet may improve the good, instruct the wise.

You, madam, sprung from Beaufort's royal line,
 Who, lost to courts, can in your closet shine,

Best know to use each blessing he bestows,
 Best know to praise the power from whence it flows.
 Shells in your hand the Parian rock defy,
 Or agat, or Ægyptian porphyry — }
 More glossy they, their veins of brighter dye.
 See! where your rising pyramids aspire,
 Your guests surpriz'd the shining pile admire!
 In future times, if some great Phidias rise,
 Whose chissel with his mistress Nature vies,
 Who, with superior skill, can lightly trace
 In the hard marble block the softest face;
 To crown this piece, so elegantly neat,
 Your well-wrought busto shall the whole compleat;
 O'er your own work from age to age preside,
 Its author once, and then its greatest pride.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE TO MR. THOMSON,
 ON THE FIRST EDITION OF HIS SEASONS.
 BY THE SAME.

SO bright, so dark, upon an April day,
 The sun darts forth, or hides his various ray;
 So high, so low, the lark aspiring sings,
 Or drops to earth again with folded wings;
 So smooth, so rough, the sea that laves our shores,
 Smiles in a calm, or in a tempest roars.
 Believe me, Thomson, 'tis not thus I write,
 Severely kind, by envy sour'd or spite:
 Nor would I rob thy brows to grace my own;
 Such arts are to my honest soul unknown.
 I read thee over as a friend should read,
 Griev'd when you fail, o'erjoy'd when you succeed.
 Why should thy muse, born so divinely fair,
 Want the reforming toilet's daily care?
 Dress the gay maid, improve each native grace,
 And call forth all the glories of her face:
 Studiously plain, and elegantly clean,
 With unaffected speech, and easy mien,
 Th' accomplish'd nymph, in all her best attire,
 Courts shall applaud, and prostrate crowds admire.

Discreetly

Discreetly daring, with a stiffen'd rein,
 Firm in thy seat the flying steed restrain.
 Tho' few thy faults, who can perfection boast?
 Spots in the sun are in his lustre lost:
 Yet even those spots expunge with patient care,
 Nor fondly the minutest error spare.
 For kind and wise the parent, who reproves
 The slightest blemish in the child he loves.
 Read Philips much, consider Milton more;
 But from their dross extract the purer ore.
 To coin new words, or to restore the old,
 In southern bards is dangerous and bold;
 But rarely, very rarely, will succeed,
 When minted on the other side of Tweed.
 Let perspicuity o'er all preside—
 Soon shalt thou be the nation's joy and pride.
 The rhiming, jingling tribe, with bells and song,
 Who drive their limping Pegasus along,
 Shall learn from thee in bolder flights to rise,
 To scorn the beaten road, and range the skies.
 A genius so refin'd, so just, so great,
 In Britain's isle shall fix the muses seat,
 And new Parnassus shall at home create:
 Rules from thy works each future bard shall draw,
 Thy works, above the critic's nicer law,
 And rich in brilliant gems without a flaw.

AN EPISTLE TO LORD COBHAM.

BY MR. CONGREVE.

Sincereſt critic of my proſe or rhyme,
 Tell how thy pleaſing Stow employs thy time;
 Say, Cobham, what amuſes thy retreat?
 Or ſchemes of war, or ſtratagems of ſtate?
 Doſt thou recall to mind, with joy or grief,
 Great Marlbro's actions, that immortal chief,
 Whoſe ſlighteſt trophies, rais'd in each campaign,
 More than ſuffic'd to ſignalize a reign?
 Doth thy remembrance riſing warm thy heart
 With glories paſt, where thou thyſelf hadſt part?
 Or doſt thou grieve indignant now to ſee
 The fruitleſs end of all thy victory;
 To ſee th' audacious foe, ſo late ſubdued,
 Diſpute thoſe terms for which ſo long they ſued?
 As if Britannia now were ſunk ſo low,
 To beg that peace ſhe wonted to beſtow.
 Be far that guilt, be never known ſuch ſhame,
 That England ſhould retract her rightful claim,
 Or, ceaſing to be dreaded and ador'd,
 Stain with the pen the luſtre of the ſword!
 Or doſt thou fix thy mind on rural ſcenes,
 To turn the levell'd lawns to liquid plains;
 To raiſe the creeping rills from humble beds;
 And force the latent ſprings to liſt their heads;

On watery columns capitals to rear,
 That mix their flowing curls with upper air?
 Or dost thou, weary grown, these works neglect,
 No temples, statues, obelisks erect;
 But seek the morning breeze from fragrant meads,
 Or shun the noontide sun in wholesome shades;
 Or slowly walk along the mazy wood,
 To meditate on all that's great and good?
 For nature bountiful in thee hath join'd
 A pleasing person with a worthy mind;
 Nor given thee form alone, but means and art
 To draw the eye, and to allure the heart.
 Poor were the praise in fortune to excell,
 Yet want the means to use that fortune well.
 While thus adorn'd, while thus with virtue crown'd,
 At home in peace, abroad in arms renown'd,
 Graceful in form, and winning in address,
 While well you think what aptly you express,
 While health, with honour, with a fair estate,
 A table free and elegantly neat,
 What can be added more of mortal bliss?
 What can he want who stands possess'd of this?
 What can the fondest wishing mother more,
 Of heaven attentive, for her son implore?
 And yet an happiness remains unknown,
 Or to philosophy reveal'd alone;
 A precept, which unpractis'd renders vain
 Thy glowing hopes, and pleasure turns to pain,

Should

Should hope or fear thy breast alternate tear,
 Or love, or hate, or rage, or anxious care;
 Whatever passions may thy mind infest,
 (And where's the mind that passions ne'er molest?)
 Amid the pangs of such intestine strife
 Still think the present day the last of life.
 Defer not till to-morrow to be wise:
 To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.
 Or should to-morrow chance to cheer thy sight
 With her enlivening and unlook'd for light,
 How grateful will appear her dawning rays,
 As favours unexpected doubly please!
 Who thus can think, and who such thoughts pursues,
 Content may keep his life, or calmly lose.
 Of this a proof thou mayst thyself receive;
 When leisure from affairs will give thee leave.
 Come see thy friend, retir'd without regret,
 Forgetting cares, or trying to forget;
 In easy contemplation soothing time
 With morals much, and now and then with rhyme;
 Not so robust in body as in mind,
 And always undejected, tho' declin'd;
 Not wondering at the world's new wicked ways,
 Compar'd with those of our forefather's days:
 For virtue now is neither more nor less,
 And vice is only varied in the dress.
 Believe it, men have ever been the same,
 And all the golden age is but a dream.

ON THE D—SS OF R—D.

BY L—D CH—B. M.

WHat do scholars, and bards, and astronomers
 wise,
 Mean by stuffing our heads with nonsense and lies;
 By telling us Venus must always appear
 In a car, or a shell, or a twinkling star;
 Drawn by sparrows, or swans, or dolphins, or doves,
 Attended in form by the graces and loves:
 That ambrosia and nectar is all she will taste,
 And her passport to hearts on a belt round her waist?
 Without all this bustle I saw the bright dame,
 To supper last night to P—y's she came
 In a good warm sedan; no fine open car;
 Two chairmen her doves, and a flambeau her star;
 No nectar she drank, no ambrosia she eat;
 Her cup was plain claret, a chicken her meat:
 Nor wanted a cestus her bosom to grace,
 For R—d, that night, had lent her her face.

AN

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

BY THE LATE MR. DYER.

HAve my friends in the town, in the busy gay
 Forgot such a man as John Dyer? [town
 Or heedless despise they, or pity the clown,
 Whose bosom no pageantries fire?

No matter, no matter—content in the shades—
 (Contented?—why, every thing charms me).
 Fall in tunes all adown the green steep, ye cascades,
 Till hence rigid virtue alarms me.

Till outrage arises, or misery needs
 The swift, the intrepid avenger;
 Till sacred religion, or liberty bleeds,
 Then mine be the deed, and the danger.

Alas! what a folly, that wealth and domain
 We heap up in sin and in sorrow!
 Immense is the toil, yet the labour how vain?
 Is not life to be over to-morrow?

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have,
 Smooth-shaded, and quiet and even;
 While gently the body descends to the grave,
 And the spirit arises to heaven.

THE XXTH

IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS,

TRANSLATED.

ON THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

When Venus saw Adonis dead,
 And from his cheeks the roses fled,
 His lovely locks distain'd with gore;
 She bade her Cupids bring the boar;
 The boar that had her lover slain,
 The cause of all her grief and pain.
 Swift as the pinion'd birds they rove
 Thro' every wood, thro' every grove;
 And when the guilty boar they found,
 With cords they bound him, doubly bound;
 One with a chain, secure and strong,
 Haul'd him unwillingly along;
 One pinch'd his tail to make him go,
 Another beat him with his bow:
 The more they urg'd, the more they dragg'd,
 The more reluctantly he lagg'd.
 Guilt in his conscious looks appear'd;
 He much the angry goddesses fear'd.

To Venus soon the boar they led —
 “ O cruel, cruel beast ! she said,
 “ Durst thou that thigh with blood distain ?
 “ Hast thou my dearest lover slain ? ”
 Submissive he replies — I swear
 By thee, fair queen — by all that’s dear —
 By thy fond lover — by this chain —
 And by this numerous hunter-train ;
 I ne’er design’d, with impious tooth,
 To wound so beautiful a youth :
 No — but with love and frenzy warm,
 (So far has beauty power to charm !)
 I long’d, this crime I’ll not deny,
 To kiss that fair, that naked thigh.
 These tusks then punish, if you please,
 These are offenders, draw out these.
 Of no more use they now can prove
 To me, the votaries of love !
 My guilty lips, if not content,
 My lips shall share the punishment.
 These words, so movingly express’d,
 Infus’d soft pity in her breast ;
 The queen relented at his plea,
 And bad her Cupids set him free :
 But from that day he join’d her train,
 Nor to the woods return’d again ;
 And all those teeth he burnt with fire,
 Which glow’d before with keen desire.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF TAME AND ISIS.

WHile thro' irriguous meads pleas'd Isis stray'd,
 Tame grew enamour'd of the watery maid
 And, stealing silent o'er the flowery ground,
 Threw his fond arms voluminous around
 The virgin stream, now melting, soft, and kind,
 And the pure waves in lasting union join'd.
 Their mingled currents now one bed contains,
 And leagued in love they wind along the plains.
 Tame loves what-e'er sweet Isis can approve,
 And every object shares their mutual love:
 In sway united, and their streams the same,
 In one fair flood they flow, and Tamisis the name.

IN AMOREM TAMI ET ISIDIS.

Nympha Isis liquidos agros dum læta pererrat,
 Incaluit madidæ Tamus amore deæ.
 Serpit amans tacitus, sinuosæque brachia circum
 Fundit, et æterno fœdere jungit aquas.
 Nunc torrens idem, et limes datur unus utrique,
 Nec doluere vices ille, vel illa suas.
 Tamus amat quicquid sua dulcis amaverat Isis;
 Et quod Tamus amat, Tamus et Isis amant.
 Jam nullam agnoscas Tami, nullam Isidis undam;
 Communi imperium Tamisis unus habet.

ON AMORET'S RECOVERY FROM A

SEVERE FIT OF SICKNESS, JUNE IV. MDCCLXI.

THUS, when bleak winds their baleful influence
 The lovely lilly droops her languid head; [shed,
 Till cheer'd by Sol's invigorating power,
 More fair revives the animated flower—
 With you reviv'd we grateful tribute pay,
 And bless the god of med'cine and of day.
 Pœan, whose presence health to mortals brings,
 Rose on your bower with healing in his wings;
 And now rejoic'd we view, all mild and meek,
 Beams in your eye, and roses on your cheek.
 As from the furnace glows the golden ore,
 Refin'd by fire, and brighter than before,
 So Amoret, new-clad in beauty's arms,
 Emerges irresistible in charms.
 Thus late I saw, thro' Galileo's eyes,
 Venus, the splendid star that gilds the skies,
 Immers'd within the sun's refulgent rim,
 Her beams were faded, and her lustre dim:
 Soon with fresh radiance glow'd her lovely face,
 The pride of evening, and the morning's grace:
 You now, dear Amoret, our lyres employ,
 Your late revival gives the public joy:
 No longer now your charms in shades you shroud,
 But rise a brighter Venus from the cloud.

ON QUEEN CAROLINE'S
REBUILDING THE LODGINGS OF THE BLACK
PRINCE AND HENRY V. AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

BY MR. TICKELL.

WHere bold and graceful scars, secure of fame,
 The pile now worthy great Philippa's name,
 Mark that old ruin, Gothic and uncouth,
 Where the Black Edward pass'd his beardless youth;
 And the Fifth Henry, for his first renown,
 Outstripp'd each rival in a student's gown.
 In that coarse age were princes fond to dwell
 With meagre monks, and haunt the silent cell;
 Sent from the monarch's to the muse's court,
 Their meals were frugal, and their sleeps were short;
 To couch at curfew-time they thought no scorn,
 And froze at mattins every winter morn;
 They read, an early book, the starry frame,
 And lis'd each constellation by its name;
 Art after art still dawning to their view,
 And their mind opening as their stature grew.
 Yet, whose ripe manhood spread our fame so far,
 Sages in peace, and demi-gods in war?

Who,

Who, stern in fight, made echoing Cressy ring,
 Yet, mild in conquest, serv'd his captive king?
 Who gain'd at Agincourt the victor's bays,
 Nor took himself, but gave high heaven the praise?
 Thy nurslings, antient dome! to virtue form'd,
 To mercy listening, whilst in fields they storm'd;
 Fierce to the fierce, and warm th' oppress'd to save,
 Thro' life rever'd, and worshipp'd in the grave.
 In tenfold pride their mouldering roofs shall shine,
 The stately work of royal Caroline;
 And blest Philippa, with unenvying eyes,
 From heaven beheld her rival's fabric rise.
 If still, bright saint, this spot deserve thy care,
 Incline thee to th' ambitious muse's prayer!
 Oh could'st thou win young William's bloom to grace
 His mother Wales, and fill thy Edward's place,
 How would that genius, whose propitious wings
 Have here twice hover'd o'er the sons of kings,
 Descend triumphant to his antient seat,
 And take in charge a third Plantagenet!

COLIN

COLIN AND LUCY.

A FRAGMENT.

ON the banks of that crystalline stream,
Where Thames oft his current delays!
And charms, more than poets can dream,
In his Richmond's bright villa surveys.

Fair Lucy, of all the gay throng,
The fairest that Britain has seen!
Now drew every village along,
From the day she first danc'd on the green.

Ah! boast not of beauty's fond power,
For short is the triumph, ye fair!
Not fleeter the bloom of each flower;
And hope is but gilded despair.

His desire each swain now behold,
By riches endeavours to prove!
But Lucy, still cries, what is gold,
Or wealth, when compar'd to his love?

No,

No, Colin! together we'll wield
 Our sickles in summer's bright day;
 Together we'll leaze o'er the field;
 And smile all our labours away!

In winter I'll winnow the wheat
 As it falls, from your flail, on the ground:
 That flail will be music, as sweet
 When your voice in the labour is drown'd.

How oft would he speak of his bliss?
 How oft would he call her his maid?
 And Colin would seal, with a kiss,
 Every promise and vow which he laid.

But hark! o'er the grass-level land,
 The village bells found on the plain!
 False Colin this morn gave his hand;
 And Lucy's fond tears are in vain!

Sad Lucy too soon heard the tale;
 Too soon the sad cause she was told:
 That his was a nymph of the vale,
 That he broke his fond promise for gold!

As she walkt by the margin so green,
 That adorns Thames' flowery side;
 How oft was she languishing seen?
 How oft would she gaze on the tide?

By the clear mirror then as she fate,
That reflected herself and the mead;
A-while she bewail'd her sad fate!
And the green turf still pillow'd her head.

There! there! is it Lucy I see?—
'Tis Lucy the lost undone maid!
Ah! no, 'tis some Lucy like me,
Some hapless young virgin betray'd.

Like me, she has sorrow'd and wept;
Like me, she has fondly believ'd;
Like me, her true promise she kept,
And like me too is justly deceiv'd!

I come, dear companion in grief!
Gay scenes and fond pleasures adieu!
I come, and we'll gather relief;
From bosoms so chaste and so true.

Like you! I have mourn'd the long night;
And wept out the day in despair!
Like you! I have banish'd delight;
And bosom'd a friend in my care.

Ye meadows, so lovely, farewell!
Your velvet still Colin shall tread,
All deaf to the sound of that knell,
Which tolls for his Lucy when dead!

Your wish will too sure be obey'd !
 Nor Colin her loss shall bemoan :
 Soon, soon shall poor Lucy be laid,
 Where her heart shall be cold as your own.

Then, clasp'd in the arms of that fair,
 Whose wealth has been Lucy's sad fate !
 As together you breathe the free air,
 And a thousand dear pleasures relate :

If chance, o'er my turf as you tread,
 You dare to affect a fond sigh !
 The primrose will shrink its pale head ;
 And the violet languish and die.

Scarce echo had gather'd the sound,
 But she plung'd from her grass-springing bed ;
 The liquid stream parts to the ground ;
 And the mirror clos'd over her head.

The swains of the village at eve
 Oft meet at the dark-spreading yew ;
 There, wonder how man could deceive
 A bosom so chaste and so true !

With garlands of every flower,
 Which Lucy herself should have made,
 They raise up a short-living bower,
 And, sighing ! cry, peace to her shade !

Then, hand lock'd in hand, as they move
 The green-platting hilloc around ;
 They talk of sad Lucy, and love !
 And freshen with tears the fair ground.

Nay ! wish they had never been born,
 Or liv'd the sad moment to view !
 When a Colin could thus be forsworn ;
 And a Lucy could still be so true !

CON-

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